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ALDEN KINDRED

OF AMERICA.

TRIENNIAL REPORT

1901—1902—1903.

BOSTON

1904

FIRST

TRIENNIAL REPORT

OF THE

#333.26

Alden Kindred of America

WITH THE PROCEEDINGS OF THE MEETINGS HELD AT

AVON, MASS., 1901, AND AT DUXBURY, MASS.,

1902—1903.

Published by the Society.
1904.

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MISS A. ELLA ALDEN.

Who originated the movement that resulted in the organization of the A. K. of A., calling the first meeting at Avon, Mass., Sept. 11, 1901.

NOTICE.

It is hoped that this first report of the proceedings and progress of the Alden Kindred will commend itself to all interested in the wholly gratifying growth and achievement of the Society. There is certainly cause for none but satisfying sentiments in the history of its three first years, and it is because of the hearty good fellowship which has been shown, and because of the widening interest in the Society's work that the issuing of this report is now undertaken.

The committee feel confident that their trust in the support of the Kindred will be more than warranted. It is expected that hereafter the Society will be able to publish full reports each year.

Orders for the present volume may be sent to Mrs. A. H. Sweet, Norton, Mass. The price is 75 cents per copy.

TRIENNIAL REPORT

ALDEN KINDRED OF AMERICA

1901—1903

It is the aim of this Report to present to the Alden Kindred a brief account of its history during the three first years of its existence.

From the small beginning at Avon in 1901, the Society has grown to a membership of over six hundred, including representatives from Maine to California. It now constitutes, we believe, the largest "Family Organization" in America.

During this time "Pilgrim Alden" has been published by A. E. Alden of Boston, Mr. Ebenezer Alden of Brockton, and Dr. Shaw have issued a fully illustrated volume giving their line of ancestry from Polly and Ebenezer Alden of the sixth generation.

Mrs. Harriett C. Fielding of Orange, N. J., has recently sent out a work of value and interest to over four hundred descendants in her line, commencing with Isaac of the sixth generation.

Mrs. Charles L. Alden, formerly of Troy, N. Y., is at work on a full Genealogical list of Alden Descendants, portions of which have been published in the Genealogical Register.

There are, we understand, other distinguished members at work on individual lines.

The Washington Research Committee of which Mrs. Marian Longfellow is an important factor, promises valuable information recently gathered abroad regarding the Alden and Molines families.

The formation of Family Organizations has greatly increased the interest in Ancestry, Family History and Traditions, and the rescuing from oblivion relics of by-gone days, as well as bringing together in cordial relations the Family Descendants.

NOTE.

The committee appointed to collect, arrange and publish the Triennial Report of our association hereby express their appreciation of the services performed in this work by Mr. A. E. Alden of Boston to whom the credit of editing this report is due.

GEO. W. ALDEN, Chairman of Committee.

THE REUNION.

1901.

Proud of their ancient and honorable lineage, and ever ready to pay tribute to their noble parentage, about 150 descendants of John and Priscilla Alden assembled at Highland Park, Avon, Sept. 11, 1901, to hold their first Reunion, in response to a call from Miss A. Ella Alden of Middleboro, who had been at work for several months, locating and communicating with members of the Alden Family, far and near, in view of this meeting.

The day commenced with a dismal rain and the early trains brought but few of the kindred, but happily the sun came out later and by one o'clock the Pilgrims had made a goodly showing.

The assemblage was called to order about two P. M., by Augustus E. Alden of Boston, who has been for many years prominently interested in Alden History. Mr. Alden called upon George W. Alden of Brockton to act as Chairman, who appointed Mrs. A. H. Sweet of Norton, Secretary pro tem.

Miss A. Ella Alden opened with an address of welcome, in which she paid worthy tribute to the descendants of the valiant Pilgrims, and expressed her desire that this meeting may be the beginning of a permanent Organization to meet annually, and hoped sufficient enthusiasm and interest may be aroused to make it a success.

In 1848 an attempt was made to hold an "Alden" meeting, which proved a failure, therefore great credit is due Miss Alden for her courage and determination in waking from their sleep the "Aldens" who have waited for years for some one to make a move.

Following Miss Alden's address came several impromptu speeches, eloquent, enthusiastic, and witty, and full of family pride.

The occasion was most enjoyable and the afternoon all too short. As the shadows lengthened in the beautiful grove, the meeting adjourned to come together next year at the Old Homestead in Duxbury, by invitation of John W. Alden, the present occupant.

REPORT OF THE SECRETARY

OF THE

ORGANIZATION OF DECENDANTS OF JOHN ALDEN, THE PILGRIM.

The Chairman then gave an eloquent speech which easily started to a blaze the already kindled enthusiasm, not only in regard to the noted Pilgrim but the whole family of Aldens.

He said "I never saw but one Alden of whom I was ashamed." Those that know him, think for that there is no need, even though he look not through the glass darkly, but face to face.

An interesting sketch of the Old Home, at Duxbury, by Mr. John W. Alden, the present resident of the house erected by Jonathan, son of John and Priscilla, was greatly enjoyed.

Mr. Augustus E. Alden, of Boston, read "Alden Items;" and called attention to a Prospectus of a "Souvenir Volume" entitled "Pilgrim Alden," which was soon to be published.

The Chairman called upon Rev. Walter R. Bartlett, of Avon, for a speech. He, "A descendant of Sarah" preferred to make remarks which whetted desire for a later speech.

Mr. Warren T. Copeland, of Campello, descendant of Ruth, thought "A Talk" was all he needed to give. It was inferred from the remarks of Rev. Joseph B. Reed, of South Hanson, that though he is descended not only from John Alden but four other passengers of the Mayflower, John stands not least in his estimation.

Then followed a few words from Mr. Ebenezer Alden, of Campello, and a "very" few from Mr. James Alden of New York.

Mr. Lewis Alden, of Holbrook, gave very interesting reminiscences of the "Randolph Aldens" and spoke of the Alden Process of evaporating apples invented by Mr. Charles Alden, of Randolph, also of condensed milk.

Mr. Arthur P. Alden, truant officer of Brockton, when requested to "Tell, how to call in truant Aldens" could formulate no system, because "No Alden will be wilfully guilty of that offense."

Mr. Jared Alden, of North Middleboro, said, "Yes, I am an Alden and am here." And I am happily disappointed to see so many Aldens together."

Mrs. Rosella E. Reed, of Brockton, gave a fine tribute to the Aldens, both past and present, and was listened to, not only with close attention, but the greatest of interest.

She was followed by Miss Sarah Seaton Richmond, of New York, who in a few words voiced her gladness that the organization was to be formed.

By motion of Mr. Lewis Alden, of Holbrook, it was voted that this be a permanent organization, and that the temporary officers serve as President and Secretary.

Mr. Augustus E. Alden offered the following resolution, which was adopted: Be it

Resolved That to Miss A. Ella Alden, worthy bearer of an honored name, we her cousins and guests, extend our heartiest thanks for her efforts to bring about the organization and closer intercourse of the descendants of one of the Nation's founders—our revered ancestor, John Alden.

The President then spoke of the work and expense of starting the reunion and suggested this resolution:

Resolved That a collection be taken to pay the expense of this reunion, and if any money be left after paying said expense it shall go toward the expense of the meeting next year.

Rev. W. B. Bartlett, as a minister, believed in taking collections and moved that the resolution suggested by the President be adopted. It was unanimously carried.

Eighty-eight responded to a call from the President for all lineal descendants to rise.

Mr. John W. Alden, having given a cordial invitation to hold the next reunion at Duxbury, it was voted that when the Association adjourn it be to the old Homestead at Duxbury some day in August, 1902.

The tellers reported amount of collection $9.60.

Mr. A. E. Alden offered the following resolution which was unanimously adopted:

Whereas: We, the American family of Alden, sprung from the great Pilgrim of that name, are here in reunion assembled, at Avon, Massachusetts, this eleventh day of September, 1901. And

Whereas: Our hearts are deeply pained at news of a dastardly attempt upon the life of our well-beloved President, William McKinley, Therefore be it

Resolved That we hereby extend our sincerest sympathy to the President in his suffering and to his family in their affliction, together with our most earnest wish for his speedy and lasting recovery. And be it further

RESOLVED That we express our undying abhorrence of the perpetrator of the foul crime from the effect of which the President suffers, and for all his ilk in thought and deed, holding them to be no less than traitors to that Liberty, whose name they profanely mouth, and whose establishment was at so great price of our Fathers' blood. And be it

RESOLVED That a copy of these resolutions be forwarded by the Secretary of this meeting to the Private Secretary of the President.

Voted, that a committee of five be appointed from the floor to arrange for the reunion next year. The committee appointed were Mr. John W. Alden, Duxbury; Mr. Lewis Alden, Holbrook; Miss A. Ella Alden, Middleboro; Mr. Lucas Alden, Campello; Mrs. Annie W. Howard, Randolph.

After singing America the meeting adjourned to meet at the Old Homestead in Duxbury, at such time in August, 1902, as the committee find most advisable.

Respectfully submitted,

MRS. A. H. SWEET,

Secretary.

THE OLD HOMESTEAD

DUXBURY

JOHN ALDEN HOUSE, DUXBURY, MASS.

In the "History of Duxbury," published by Justin Winsor in 1849, on page 58, he states, in reference to John Alden's residence in that town:

"The present house, which was erected by his grandson, Col. John Alden, stands still further to the westward, and which is now occupied by a descendant of the sixth generation."

The farm has been occupied by:

First,—John, "The Pilgrim;" b. 1599; d. 1687.
Second,—Jonathan; b. 1632; d. 1697.
Third,—Col. John; b. 1680; d. 1739.
Fourth,—Col. Briggs; b. 1723; d. 1796;
Fifth,—Major Judah; b. 1750; d. 1845.
Sixth,—Capt. Briggs; b. 1786; d. 1840, and his brother Capt. John; b. 1793; d. 1871, joint occupants of the house.

The last named was the father of Capt. John, and Henry, (joint owners of the house), the first named being the father of the present occupant.

From information obtained from Miss Mary Ann Alden, daughter of Major Judah Alden, and from Mrs. Mary (Winsor), wife of Capt. John, her brother, I believe the house to have been built as Mr. Winsor states, by Col. John Alden, they both stating that such was the fact. They also believed that the house was built partly of timber from the original mansion, and that the ell of the present house was probably a part of the first residence of the Pilgrim,—it having, since my remembrance, a diamond-pane window, set in lead sash.

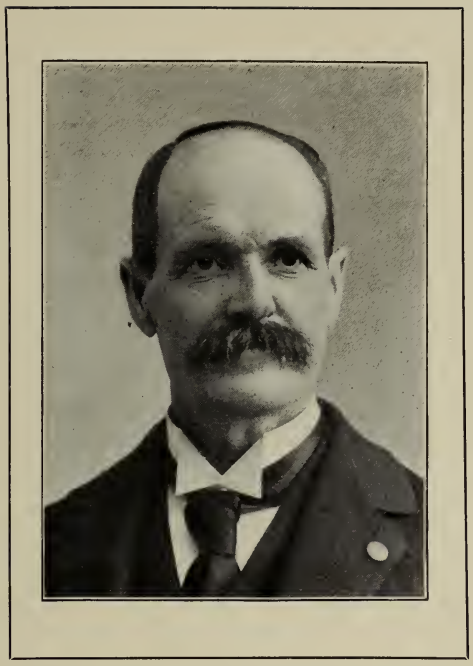
Mr. Winsor, who wrote the "History of Duxbury," was a descendant of Col. John's daughter, Anna, wife of Benjamin Loring, and had every opportunity when he wrote his history to consult Duxbury people who were undoubtedly well informed.

The writer was very careful to ask on many occasions those referred to above whom he knew, with result as stated.

EDWARD T. BARKER,
21 Buckingham St.,
Cambridge, Mass.

Col. John Alden's daughter, Anna Loring, died in 1804 in the house of her daughter, now my (summer) home in Kingston, Mass. My mother remembered that event and often told me of it.

E. T. B.



MR. JOHN W. ALDEN,

(Present Occupant of Old Homestead.)

Mr. John W. Alden is the present occupant of the old homestead at Duxbury and is the resident successor of his father John Alden and also the representative in his line of 10 John Aldens, an incident not paralled in family history.

NOTE: The old Alden House since its erection has, without exception, been occupied by an Alden, another incident of such long duration is not known.

SECOND ANNUAL REUNION

OF THE

ALDEN KINDRED OF AMERICA.

"We are all brothers here today," began President George W. Alden, in his address of welcome at the gathering of the Alden family at Duxbury, Aug. 28, 1902. Special trains from Boston, Brockton and Plymouth had brought over 300 Pilgrims to celebrate their second Reunion, while many more arrived by private conveyance from near-by towns. Our Rallying Committee had done excellent work, resulting in a large attendance and doubling our membership from last year.

Pres. Alden and the officers of the association were most untiring in their efforts to effect a permanent organization on a substantial basis.

A spacious tent on the lawn furnished a grateful and pleasant shelter for the exercises of the day. In response to his address of welcome, our genial President received a hearty greeting from the assembled kindred.

A "name" for the association was called for by President Alden. Mr. Augustus E. Alden, of Boston, proposed that it be called "The Alden Kindred of America." The President then defined the object of the association to be the preservation of the spirit and traditions of the early Pilgrims, the proper preservation of all heirlooms and the providing of a fitting memorial of the founder of the family.

The election of officers came next, and the family gave evidence of a spirit of fraternalism even in this matter, and showed that they followed the example of their ancestor, who was "never guilty of wirepulling." George W. Alden, of Brockton, who has been President for the past year, hoped some other member of the family might be nominated for the position this year, but this was a case where an Alden was not permitted to speak for himself, and the family spoke for him in a unanimous re-election to that office.

At two o'clock the exercises proper began with an address of welcome from John W. Alden who occupies the Homestead. He declared that he was stage-struck, but succeeded in making a very cordial speech, and showed some family heirlooms—among them a chair once owned by Elder Brewster, and two chairs which belonged to the original John Alden.

Letters were read from members who were unable to attend, and a very interesting paper was given by Mrs. John D. Thayer, of Brockton, on "The Family of Ruth." The paper was full of interesting facts concerning the past generations of the family, and was enthusiastically received.

A ring worn by her drew much attention, as it was the betrothal ring of a grand-daughter of Priscilla, and bears this line, "Love is pure and doth endure."

An attempt was made to get some statistics of the meeting and representatives of the different generations were called for. W. P. Winter, of Iowa, the only member of the fifth generation arose; the sixth generation had six representatives; the seventh, thirteen, and the eighth too many to count. As one gentlemen expressed it, "We grew fast in that generation, there were twelve in our family, alone." The ninth had nearly as large a number, and the tenth several small representatives.

Among the little folks was Master Myles Standish Alden of Hyde Park, aged five, who was dressed in Colonial fashion, wearing a sword and belt.

Several Johns and Priscillas were in evidence.

An invitation from our host was extended to the Alden Kindred to meet again next year at the Old Homestead to celebrate its 250th anniversary.

LETTERS.

WASHINGTON, D. C., August 26, 1902.

MR. PRESIDENT AND MEMBERS OF THE SOCIETY OF THE DESCENDANTS OF PILGRIM JOHN ALDEN:

MY DEAR FRIENDS AND KINSFOLKS:

For kinsfolks we must be, no matter how far removed, if but one drop of the blood of our ancestor John Alden flows in common in our veins. I am indeed sorry that I cannot be in your midst today; that I cannot walk with you through the rooms of the Old Homestead—rooms hallowed by the lives of the men and women who helped to make history, whose daily lives of heroic self-sacrifice and steadfast faith and courage are an example to us in these days wherein the perils and sufferings, the privations and renunciations of our ancestors read as a romance. It was my privilege to visit on July 4th, 1902, the house of John Alden, now the home, by unbroken descent, of John W. Alden and Sylvia Bradford, his wife. That my visit fell upon the anniversary of the Declaration of Independence seemed fitting, in that

had it not been for these men and women who came to the shores of this country in 1620, there would have been no Declaration of Independence.

I felt as I stood within the doors of this old house that my feet were on holy ground, ground made holy by the high resolve and the noble endeavor of those long since gone beyond. I hope sincerely that this Society of the Descendants of the Pilgrim, John Alden, will see fit and find it possible to erect some monument to that John Alden. This, it seems to me, should be done at Duxbury. But I must not trespass upon your time longer. Let me join you in spirit, as I am not able to in body, and let me add to yours my earnest desire for the spread of true patriotism throughout this land, and for a closer bond of feeling among those whose proud boast it should be that they are of the same blood as John Alden and Priscilla Molines, his wife.

Fraternally yours,

MARIAN LONGFELLOW O'DONOGHUE,

(Born Longfellow.)

TECUMSEH, MICH., August 2, 1902.

MR. GEORGE W. ALDEN, President Alden Association:

I have recently received announcement of the Annual Reunion of the Alden Family to be held at the Old Homestead in Duxbury, Mass.

During the past few years I have been much interested in the lives and home of John and Priscilla Alden and their immediate family. Though family reunions are of common occurrence, this instance seems unparalled in its historic association, and the fact that the Homestead which became the property of Pilgrim Alden only seven years after the landing on Plymouth Rock, should have been occupied by his heirs in an unbroken line through the centuries to the present day. When we consider the scenes enacted and the remarkable people who have gone in and out there, the Old Home should indeed be regarded as a Mecca and a Bethel to all descendants of their noble ancestor, "Pilgrim John Alden."

My mother and myself extend our thanks to Mr. John W. Alden through whose courtesy the members of the Alden Family are given this opportunity to meet at this "Cradle of the Clan."

We regret that circumstances prevent our acceptance of his invitation, but send our best wishes that God's sunshine may greet you on the Reunion day—that love and friendship may fill all hearts, and that the "Reunion" may prove a success in every way.

Yours in Kinship,

(MRS.) HARRIETT B. SNYDER,

MRS. DELIA ALDEN (BALDWIN) STRONG,

PAPER BY EBENEZER ALDEN.

August 26, 1902.

John Alden, the Pilgrim, as you all know, removed early from Plymouth to Duxbury.

Marshfield originally was a part of Duxbury and was set off from Duxbury about the year 1642. The inhabitants of Duxbury feeling that the border of this town had been narrowed up, petitioned the court at Plymouth for an enlargement of their lands and in August, 1644, it was thought good by the court that there be a view taken of the lands described by the Duxbury petitioners,—namely 12 miles up in the woods from Plymouth bounds, from Jones' River.

The next year the grant was made and confirmed to them. Capt. Miles Standish, Mr. John Alden and four others were elected to office to see to the equal division and laying out of their lands. They were to set up a centre and have the land four miles each way from this centre. Later the limit was extended to six miles; the land having been purchased of the Indians.*

This new grant of land was then a part of Duxbury and it seems that there were 54 of its inhabitants that were entitled to a share of this new land, among them John Alden. This new grant was made in 1645, but the actual settlement commenced in 1650. This plantation, or grant, in 1656 was incorporated into a separate and distinct township of itself, and named Bridgewater, the territory that afterwards was North, South, East and West Bridgewater. It was the first interior settlement of the Old Colony.

As I have before stated, John Alden, the Pilgrim, had a share and was one of the original proprietors of the town of Bridgewater, each settler had at first a grant of a house lot of six acres each on the town river.

Rev. James Keith, the ancestor of the Keith family, came to Boston in 1662, and in February 1664 was settled over the parish at Bridgewater, now West Bridgewater.

He was given a double house lot of 12 acres, also a purchase right, so called, being a 56th part of the original grant.

His house is still standing, in good repair and occupied by Mr. Pratt, many years the tax collector.

The first lots were taken up in West Bridgewater and the first houses built and first improvements made there; their house lots were adjacent to each other and the settlement compact with a view of mutual aid in defence against the Indians.

*The price paid the Indians for the Town of Bridgewater, was 7 coats, 1 1-2 yards in a coat; 9 hatchets; 8 hoes; 20 knives; 4 moose skins; 10 1-2 yards cotton cloth,

We have no record of John Alden occupying his portion of the town of Bridgewater, but his second son Joseph had his father's proprietary share and lived and died there, the place not far from the old West Centre. Joseph married Mary, daughter of Moses Simmonds. Their children were Isaac, Joseph, John, Elizabeth and Mary. Joseph died in 1697. Isaac, his son, settled in East Bridgewater and it is from this branch that most of the East Bridgewater Aldens came. John, second son of Joseph, had his father's homestead, but sold it about three years after his father's death to Isaac Johnson and moved to Titicut in North Middleboro.

I had the good fortune in my research lately to find the grave of this, our honored forefather, the grandson of John, the Pilgrim.

I would like to know if any of you have known of the grave of any of the descendants of John, the Pilgrim, that is a nearer relative.

Beside him is the stone of Hannah, his wife, that was the daughter of Capt. Ebenezer White of Weymouth. In the same yard is his son, Joseph, and his wife, Hannah, whose maiden name was Hannah Hall, and in the next row, their son, Ebenezer, my great grandfather.

You may well know with what satisfaction I found their graves, as it had been some years since I began trying to locate them, and at times felt that I should not be able to find any of them.

The next generation to me was my grandfather; he is buried in London Tract Church-yard, Chester County, Penn. He was deacon of that Baptist church for sixty years.

My father is buried in Bridgewater.

It is with much interest that I have looked into these matters, and it grows more interesting the more we study them.

I find that my line not only reaches back through the Aldens, but also through the Ames to the original William Ames, also to William Bassett, who came over in the ship Fortune, (1621), also John Forbes of Duxbury, one of the original proprietors of Bridgewater; also Isaac Johnson, who settled in Bridgewater in (1700.)

Also Deacon John Willis of Duxbury, who was there as early as (1637), he was also one of the original proprietors of Bridgewater, also the Williams, Churches, Lothrops, and several others.

I think it is a good thing for us to study and know from whence we come, and to know the relation we sustain, one to the other; it awakens the bond of sympathy, that we should feel for each other.

It raises us to a higher plane, socially and spirtually.

In our future meetings, I hope we shall hear from others, that will give their line of descent from the Pilgrim stock.

THE DESCENDANTS OF RUTH, DAUGHTER OF JOHN AND PRISCILLA ALDEN.

In the humble home of John and Priscilla Alden, Ruth, their daughter, lived in blest companionship with her four brothers and three sisters. Her childhood was more notable for sacrifices than for comforts. Ruth had doubtless some pleasures intermingled with discomforts. We can hardly imagine a family of eight children without some merry-making occasions.

Priscilla had no fairy tales to tell, to entertain her children, but she could give realistic and highly entertaining stories of the varied incidents of her life, which was far from being commonplace. Her experiences had been truly realistic. She remembered well her English home,—the lanes and hedges, and their church, although she was quite young when she went to live in Holland. She told them of her home in Holland, of the ocean voyage, and of her irreparable loss of father and mother, leaving her an orphan, alone, until she learned to love, and the outcome of that they knew full well. Thus, under the ministrations of the parents, the children grew to be noble men and women.

Ruth had learned the art of cookery, and the plain details of family life; had learned the necessity of prayer, and of obedience. This was Ruth's preparatory course for wifehood aud motherhood.

John Bass of Braintree,—now Quincy,—was one of her admirers, and when he continued to repeat his visits, it was evident that he was on an errand of love, and the result was that on December third, 1657, John Bass and Ruth Alden were married at Duxbury, by her father, John Alden, magistrate. Ruth's new home was near her husband's kindred in Braintree, and near, also, to the home of Joseph Adams, who had married and settled there a few years previous. So their families grew up together, and intermarried.

At the time of their marriage, John Bass and Ruth Alden were not far from twenty-five years of age. John was a young man of good habits, devoted to religion, had some means and was of excellent parentage, therefore Ruth's prospects in life were considered most promising.

In about a year, a little baby boy was welcomed to their home,—he was the father's namesake; in due time Samuel came to keep little John company. Then followed a little girl, who was named for her mother; later came Joseph, Hannah, Mary, and Sarah. We can see plainly that Ruth Alden Bass was living a very busy life. After the birth of the youngest child, Sarah, it was noticeable

that the mother was failing in health ; two years later Ruth Alden Bass passed away, her earthly work finished at middle life. John Bass and his seven children were left to mourn her loss. Ruth's influence survived her, and the children ever lived an honor to her name.

These children formed seven distinct lines of descendants,—viz: John Bass, Jr., married Joseph Adam's daughter, Abigail. Samuel Bass married Mary Adams, who, also, was a daughter of Joseph Adams; Ruth Bass married Mr. Welsbey; Joseph Bass married Mary Belcher. Hannah Bass married Joseph, son of Joseph Adams; Mary Bass married first Mr. Webb, then William Copeland; Sarah Bass married Ephraim Thayer.

All of Ruth's children settled in Braintree, and I have made a study of the most important lineage, which I shall present at this time for your consideration.

Hannah Bass Adams, Ruth's fifth child, is to us, illustrious, for she was the ancestor of distinguished patriots. Her most noteworthy descendant was John Adams, whose transcendent character illumined the darkness of the war of the Revolution. The line of ancestry runs thus: Ruth Alden Bass,—Hannah Bass Adams,—her son, John Adams, who was the father of the patriot, John Adams,—his son, John Quincy Adams, and a continuation of patriots. It is a record that speaks for ltself, and this alone would suffice to form a crown of glory for Ruth, the daughter of the pilgrim, John Alden.

I will next call your attention to Ruth'a second child, Samuel Bass, who married Mary Adams. It is remarkable that three of Ruth's children married into Joseph Adam's family. Jonathan Bass, son of Samuel and Mary Bass, married Susannah Byram, and settled in East Bridgewater, about 1718, and were foremost in the church. They had a large family of children, two of whom I shall refer to,—Mary and Mehitable,—for I am especially interested in Mehitable Bass, who married Dr. Otis, as I claim to be one of their descendants, the proof of which lies in the possession of her betrothal ring, (worn here today as an heirloom), and a piece of the orange brocade wedding gown. Dr. Isaac Otis was graduated from Harvard University when Edward Holyoke was its President. He became acquainted with Mehitable Bass, to whom he was married in 1746, and settled in East Bridgewater. It was a most noble alliance, representing the best families of the colonies:—Alden, Bass, Adams and Otis, and one is happy to recount such ancestry. Tradition is, that Captain Bass gave them a fine wedding. The orange brocade silk for the gown, was imported and the groom sent to England for the ring, which bears this inscription: "Love is pure that doth endure." We, her descendants, remem-

ber the dress,—it had little depth to the waist, and little fulness to the unlined skirt. It was kept many years just as she wore it in 1746.

Dr. Otis settled in East Bridgewater, and had a good practice. Another member of the Captain Bass family, was Mary, who, at the age of eighteen fell in love with a young Scotchman, Hugh Orr. At first the family did not look upon Mary's choice with much favor. and she was sent to Braintree to make a protracted visit, to mingle with other young people, and to give her an opportunity to forget the impulsive Hugh.

The tradition is, that Captain Jonathan journeyed to Braintree in his one-horse chaise, to look after Mary's welfare, and, behold! Hugh was there before him, had found the lovely Mary, and both were happy.

After this episode, Mary Bass was allowed to become the wife of Hugh Orr. Two of their descendants were noted physicians,—Dr. Hector Orr, and his son, Dr. Samuel Orr,—all of whom were descendants of Ruth Alden Bass, through her grandson, Captain Jonathan Bass.

The names of Orr and Bass merged into other family names. The name of Robert Orr is brought to the present generation, and borne with honor and dignity by Judge Robert Orr Harris. The name of Jennet Orr is revived in the Mitchell family.

The two sisters, Mary Bass Orr, and Mehitable Bass Otis, were reunited by the marriage of Mehitable's son to Mary's daughter. By this alliance the two Bass sisters were grandmothers to Bass Otis, who became a celebrated portrait painter of Philadelphia.

Another line of Ruth's descendants, were the Copelands, of West Bridgewater.

Ruth's sixth child was Mary Bass, who at the age of seventeen years, married Christopher Webb of Braintree, and settled there. Three children were born to them. Later, Mr. Webb died of small-pox, and Mary remained a widow four years. When she was about twenty-five years of age she married William Copeland, of Braintree. Nine children were born to them, making in all, (with the Webb children), a family of twelve children.

Only one of these children, Jonathan Copeland, went to West Bridgewater to settle. He married Betty Snell, and eleven children blessed their home. Through this one family, in course of time, a large part of the inhabitants of West Bridgewater were of Copeland descent, whose lineal ancestor was Ruth Alden Bass.

When Jonathan Kingman, of West Bridgewater; (whose mother was Hannah Copeland, a lineal descendant of Ruth Alden), took for his wife Mehitable Bass Hudson,—who was also a lineal descendant of Ruth Alden, a

double line of ancestry was formed for their descendants, who are the Haywards, Kingmans, Richards, and Porters.

Of the old line of Copelands, that came in a direct line from Mary Bass Copeland, there is living in Brockton, at the age of ninety-four, Ruth Copeland Brett, the mother of Ellis and Augusta Brett. Mrs. Ruth Brett is probably a namesake of Ruth Alden.

The seventh and youngest child of Ruth Alden Bass, was Sarah Bass, who at the age of twenty years, married Ephraim Thayer, of Braintree.

She was the mother of fourteen children, all of whom lived to a good age. Braintree and Randolph were well stocked with Thayers, the descendants of Sarah Bass. Some of her descendants, Deborah and Eunice Thayer, married, and settled in North Bridgewater, but most of the Bridgewater Thayers had another line of ancestry. The two Thayer girls, to whom allusion has been made, have many descendants now living in Brockton.

The one named Deborah married Zenas Packard, and her children were Benjamin Alden Packard, the father of the historian, Mary Packard, who married William Lewis ; Lorenzo Packard, Rachel Packard, who married an Orcutt ; Deborah Packard, who married a Holmes ; Lydia Packard, who mara Drake ; Zenas, and others.

Eunice Thayer was not a near relative of Deborah Thayer, who, as we have seen, married a Packard,—but Eunice was also a descendant of Sarah Bass Thayer, and she married Asa Howard, and settled in North Bridgewater. Their children became very influential members of society, and were greatly respected. They were Ephraim Howard ; Samuel Howard, (of the firm of Howard and Clark) ; Mary Ann, who married William Faxon ; Elizabeth, who married Lewis Fisher ; and Martha Jane, who married David Studley. All of these, and many more, were descendants of Ruth Alden.
Sarah Bass Thayer lived to see all her numerous family married and settled down. What a rousing Thanksgiving they must have enjoyed, with the fourteen children, and the grandchildren, all together at the old home!

This family was remarkable for piety. At one time Ephraim and Sarah, and the fourteen children, were all present at communion service in the Braintree church. After Sarah died, a poem of twenty-six verses was written in memory of her good life, and noble ancestry. The last verse was :

"So fare you well, her numerous race,—
These few lines I do pen
That you may seek Jehovah's face,
And serve the Lord. Amen."

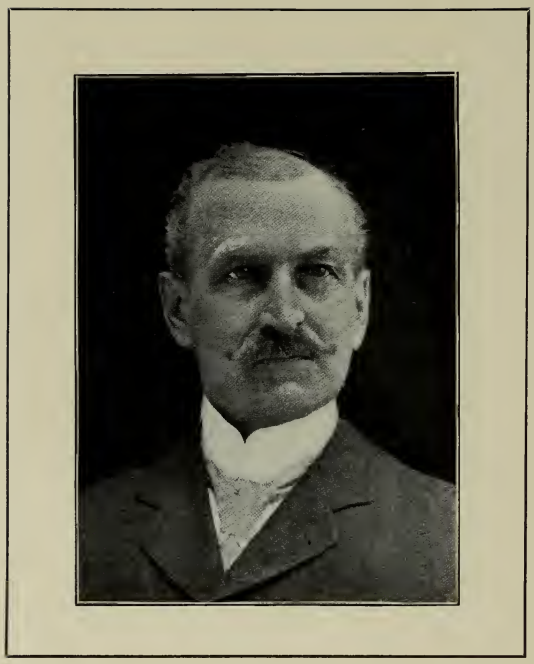
The grandchildren of Ruth Alden Bass numbered fifty-two. If Ruth could have lived to count up her jewels, her heart would have been filled with joy. Her sister, Elizabeth, who married a Paybody, lived to see her descendants to the fifth generation, but Ruth saw not the fulness of her family or the glory that came to it.

The traits of character that were revealed to the country through her most renowned descendant, John Adams, were inborn traits, such as grew naturally, and were not grafted on. We, in this later day, who are reviewing the past, see the greatness of the lives of the progenitors: that those lives were established on the highest moral and religious principles, it is evident, and the study of the lives of John and Priscilla Alden, and their immediate descendants, reveals the fact that our ancestry helped to form the foundation of good lives, good homes and good government.

"The pilgrim spirit hath not fled,—
It walks in noon's broad light,
And it watches the bed of the glorious dead
With the holy stars, by night;
It watches the bed of the brave who have bled,
And shall guard this ice-bound shore,
Till the waves of the bay, where the Mayflower lay,
Shall foam and freeze no more."

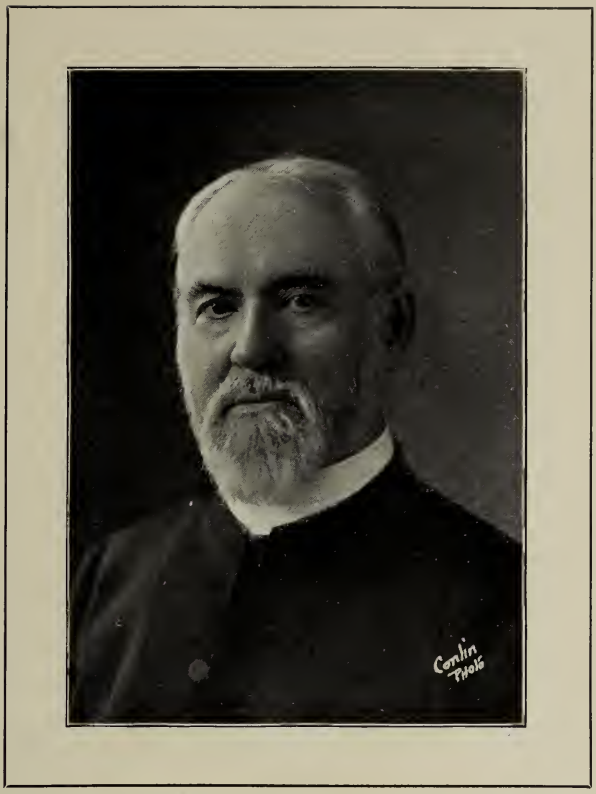
BETHIA HAYWARD THAYER.

Brockton, 1902, 629 Pleasant St.



MR. EBENEZER ALDEN

of Campello, Mass.,who, with Dr. Henry P. Shaw, published Genealogy of the Descendants of Polly and Ebenezer Alden.



Rev. MARCUS ALDEN TOLMAN

Who delivered the Oration at the First Re-Union at the Old Homestead at Duxbury.

The chief address for the day was made by Rev. Marcus Alden Tolman. of Bethlehem, Penn., who is a retired Episcopal clergyman. He spoke as follows:

MR. PRESIDENT, LADIES AND GENTLEMEN, DESCENDANTS OF JOHN AND PRISCILLA:

In the matter of ancestor worship we, the descendants of the Pilgrims, are brought into sympathy with the heathen of China. We send missionaries to the Chinese to teach them not to do just what we are met together here today to do ourselves. Ancestor worship is but the outward manifestation of a principle implanted in the human heart by the Great Creator, abused only when we transfer our allegiance and our service from the Creator to the created. It is this principle which made the old patriarchs so anxious that

their bones should moulder in the family tombs; and which embodied the record of their deaths in the oft-repeated expression, "Gathered to their fathers!"

If worship implies a sense of worthship, or worthiness, on the part of its object, we are doing today just what the Chinaman does when he places upon the grave of his ancestor a plate of rice, and burns a slip of paper in honor of the departed spirit.

What place more fitting to rear our altar than that on which we stand? The ground of Duxbury is enriched by the tread of many generations of Alden feet! The air of Duxbury is fragrant with the memories of Alden! Hither the youthful John brought upon his snow-white bull the "fairest maiden of Plymouth;" and here were born and raised those eight children who inherited the graces and the virtues of their parents, and who went out from this spot to scatter those seeds of morality, of integrity, of honor and of patriotism which took root, sprung up, and have now borne their fruit through ten generations and give promise of still richer harvests in the future.

While walking one day through Laurel Hill cemetery, Philadelphia, of world-wide fame, I came across a tombstone bearing this inscription: "He Desired No Epitaph; He Needs None." Were we called upon today to write an epitaph for the unknown grave of John Alden, while we could not say "He desired none," yet we could say "He needs none!" Some names, and the deeds which make those names memorable, can never be lost to mankind They are passed on, from generation to generation as a priceless heritage; and long after the monumental marble has been gnawed to powder by the tooth of time, the name stands forth in bold relief, defiant of all corroding forces. So with the name of Alden. Who that bears that name, or who that can trace his lineage back to John and Priscilla, does not take an honest pride in holding that name up for the world's admiration, and in teaching his children that the most valued of all privileges is to be able to say "I am an Alden!" The name can never die.

Fifteen postoffices in as many different states testify to the honor in which the name of Alden is held.

That which has come down to us as the history of John Alden is a mixture of fact and fancy. Fact forms the skeleton, and fancy rounds it out in a form of flesh and gives it life and beauty. I have made several efforts to learn something of the family before the days of the Mayflower, but so far with but little success. In conversing with a man by the name of Alden in Oxford, England, some years ago, and who takes great interest in such matters, he told me that the earliest mention of the name is found somewhere in the eighth

or ninth century, when an Alden was banished from Denmark for some political offence and came to England. He is supposed to be the ancestor of all who now bear the name.

It is generally admitted that John Alden was not among the original "Pilgrims" who migrated from England to Holland during the reign of James I., and afterward formed the bulk of the original settlers of Plymouth. He joined the party at Southampton, when the Mayflower was fitting out for her voyage. He had served as an apprentice to the carpenter's trade, or, as some say, to the cooper's—possibly the two were combined—and was engaged by the Pilgrims for the assistance which he could render in these two very important lines of industry. That his family had attained to some distinction for services rendered to the state is evident from the fact that they were entitled to a coat of arms, a description of which may be found in the books of heraldry and fully detailed in the "Autobiography of John Alden," published in Boston in 1889.

Our ancestor is represented as the youngest of the signers of the famous "New England Compact," drawn before the Pilgrims landed. He is spoken of as "The stripling that first stepped on Plymouth Rock." He was quite learned for his day, polished and gentle in his manners, tall and commanding in his appearance and remarkably handsome—at least in the eyes of Priscilla!

His executive and diplomatic powers, as well as wisdom in the management of the affairs of state. are witnessed by the fact that he served in some public office almost continuously from the signing of the compact until the day of his death. He was the intimate friend and adviser of, as well as clerk for the military head of the colony—Capt. Myles Standish—at least until the rupture between them, caused by the love affair in which the younger got the better of the elder.

He was chosen as governor's assistant in 1633, and served in that capacity, with a slight interruption, when he was engaged in other affairs of state, for 53 years. For eight years he "represented the town of Duxbury in the general court of the Old Colony." Such honors were not bestowed without a cause. Political wire-pulling, bribery and ballot-box stuffing were then unknown; men were assigned to the offices and stations for which by nature, education and training they were deemed most fit; and when no longer fit they were set aside. Alden proved to be the right man for the office, and the office claimed and held him.

To what extent the integrity and many sterling virtues of the father of our family have been transmitted to his descendants is better known to you than to me. Since my boyhood days, I have lived in another state, and under

social and ecclesiastical influences hostile, rather than favorable, to the principles upon which the Puritan character was built. My intercourse with the sons and daughters of the Pilgrim fathers has been limited. But I have the testimony of an uncle, whom some of you may remember as Rev. Lucius Alden of East Bridgewater, a Congregational minister, who once said to me, in reference to the moral character of the Aldens in general," I have never heard of one being hanged; but I cannot say how many have deserved to be!"

Let us glance for a moment at that little love affair between John and Priscilla, of which there have been so many versions, and which has so often been told.

Longfellow's version of this story was given to the public in the year 1858. It agrees, substantially, with the story as I heard it told by my grandfather, Captain Nathan Alden, of East Baidgewater, many years before it was worked up so dramatically by the poet.

The little flirtations which ripened into love between John Alden and Priscilla Molines probably began during their forced intimacy on board the Mayflower. They each possessed those charms which win the admiration of the opposite sex; and when a more intimate companionship became almost a necessity, under the deprivations and hardships of their rude home on the barren coast, which had offered them but an insecure footing of ice and snow, they each turned to the other as the only one in that little band who could fill the void. And so, probably, concealment would have continued to feed, had not Myles Standish decided to take Priscilla to fill the place of his beloved wife, Rose, whose body worn out by the hardships of a journey of 67 days in the stifling cabin of the Mayflower, had, with 50 others, found a resting place beneath the sod of Cole's hill. Myles looked upon taking Priscilla as a merely business transaction, and sent his friend, John, to make all the arrangements, just as he would have sent him to bargain for a cow. Priscilla did not like the captain well enough to marry him, and, even if she did, she did not like this way of courting by proxy. She truly replied that if she "were not worth the wooing, she was not worth the winning." John, faithful to his friend, and, for the time, forgetting the fire which was burning within his own breast, urged the claims of Standish most elequently, wishing all the time that he had the boldness to say on his own behalf just what he was saying on behalf of the captain. But, alas, he had not. Concealment was still feeding. Now Priscilla had an opportunity for practising her French wit, and showing her French blood. Let Longfellow tell the story:

"As he warmed and glowed, in his simple and eloquent language,
Quite forgetful of self, and full of the praise of his rival,
Archly the maiden smiled, and, with eyes overrunning with laughter,
Said, in a tremulous voice, "Why don't you speak for yourself, John?"

John spoke for himself. We, 280 years later, bless Priscilla for that little stroke of wit and of wisdom, which, in its remote results, permits this gathering of the Aldens.

This story has been told with many variations. Up to the time of this errand of John, he and Standish had been the warmest of friends. It is said that Myles never fully forgave our ancestor for what was unjustly regarded as a piece of treachery, or at least "breach of trust." Poor, meek and gentle John! Far be it from him to be untrue to that friend unto whose heart he was "grappled as with hooks of steel!" Conscious of his honesty in pressing the claims of his rival, how cutting must have proved the rebuke of Standish as his hot soldier blood boiled in rage and he gave vent to his anger in the words:

"John Alden! You have betrayed me!
Me, Myles Standish, your friend, have supplanted, defrauded, betrayed me! * * * Yours is a treason to friendship!
You, who have lived under my roof, whom I cherished and loved as a brother;
You, who have fed at my board, and drunk at my cup; to whose keeping
I have entrusted mine honor, my thought the most sacred and secret—
You, too, Brutus! Ah, woe to the name of friendship hereafter!
Brutus was Caesar's friend, and you were mine; but henceforward
Let there be nothing between us save war and implacable hatred."

No wonder that as the next day the Mayflower was preparing to return to England, Alden determined to return with her! His determination would have been effective had not Priscilla suddenly appeared by the waterside and continued that story of concealed love so eloquently prefaced by the question, "Why not speak for yourself, John?" She would not let such a fine catch as John slip out of her hands, and I honor her for her boldness. Some years ago I was drawn into a newspaper controversy upon this subject. My opponent accused John Alden, as Standish did, of being untrue to his friend. To vindicate John I called up as evidence all the old family traditions, which show Priscilla's agency in love-making, and proved that she did all the courting. John was acquitted.

Much has been said in speech and in print about the honored and honorable forefathers of New England. All right. Too much cannot be said.

But of what of the foremothers? To them rather than to our fathers we owe our moral worth, and to them we owe that national strength and greatness which we have reached, and which is universally acknowledged to be the outcome of those principles which were embedded in the hearts of the Plymouth colonists. Let us not forget today the Pilgrim mothers. Chiefest among these, and to us the most dear, stands Priscilla Molines, "the fairest maiden of Plymouth," our noble ancestress. Observe I use her original French name, "Molines," instead of the name usually given in New England histories, and into which it was easily corrupted, "Mullens."

It is not unlikely that her father was among the many from France who took refuge in England from the persecutions of the Inquisition, and then, later, joined the Pilgrims, either at Leyden or at Southampton.

This would account for his will being drawn up in England, as well as for the Anglicized form of his name spelled in four different ways. It is spelled three different ways by Bradford. All we know of Priscilla is "Frenchy" in the extreme! She is described as beautiful in person, quick in movement, ready at retort, gay and lively in her disposition, bold, even to the overstepping of the bounds of propriety (from a Puritan point of vision), as instanced in her "popping the question" to John. Bringing with her her French tastes, as well as manners and customs, we do not wonder that she sometimes chafed under the strictness of the household discipline of good old Elder Brewster, where she made her home after the death of her parents, nor that (when the elder was out) she made the rafters of the cabin tremble in her merry dance and the ceiling to echo with her frolicsome jests. She was just a good, jolly, happy, pretty French maiden, ready always for a good time and ready also for the sternest of life's emergencies whenever they might arise. I can imagine that she and Mary Chilton must have tormented the elder to the verge of distraction, and furnished him with many a proof of his doctrine when writing a sermon upon "Total Depravity." After listening to the sermon, two hours long, not very heartily did Priscilla sing, as the dear old Pilgrims longed for a home where "Congregations ne'er break up, and Sabbaths never end!" She had no sympathy with that sentiment.

For all that, Priscilla was a good singer. Nearly all her descendants are —your speaker excepted. We may well believe the tradition that she was caught humming a tune to the accompaniment of her spinning wheel, when John called with his message from Myles. I doubt, however, that the words were from the hymn book.

Priscilla was also a good cook. Doubtless her doughnuts formed the first entering wedge to John's heart. French cooking is noted the world over.

Nearly all the allusions to Priscilla, in the writings of historians and novelists, are connected with her displays of the graces of the kitchen. This accomplishment has been passed down to succeeding generations. For a good clam-chowder go to one of Priscilla's descendants. They are noted for their excellencies in this most worthy art.

Not long ago there appeared in one of your Massachusetts papers an article headed "My Aunt Sally's Kitchen." I wish there were time for transcribing the whole of it; but we must limit ourselves to one or two extracts, to show how this leading trait of Priscilla was reproduced in one of her descendants in the seventh generation. The kitchen, as described, would pass well for the kitchen of Priscilla. The writer says: "During vacation the old house was my frequent resort, and of all its pleasant rooms the kitchen attracted me most. The aroma of Aunt Sally's cooking appealed strongly to my sensibilities.

She would take me on her knee and feed me with dainties, to which the Parker House, Boston, is still a stranger, and would garnish them with stories of the Pilgrims, of which her pond never ran dry. The kitchen was twenty feet square. Huge knots protruded from the unpainted floor. The solid outside door, of oak, was seven feet high and four feet broad, hung by long iron hinges reaching to the center. High over the mantel hung a few crooked-neck squashes, marked 'save for seed,' and a few ears of corn, with the husks stripped back, for the next year's planting. The huge brick oven, at one end of the fireplace, seemed to my childish eyes as large as the state house dome, and when fired for baking, quite as brilliant. The bread-peel, with a hole cut in the handle, hung on a nail in one chimney corner, and in the other corner hung the file of the 'Old Farmer's Almanac,' which Aunt Sally consulted to regulate the sun, moon, and stars, and forecast the weather.

Plunged into the depths of this oven, the peel would bring forth puddings, pies, brown-bread, and last but not least, the generous pot of pork and beans; the cripsy pork all cut and checked and scored, bursting through the confines of the succulent beans, all baked and browned—truly, a 'dainty dish to set before a king.' The dinner, when ready, was served upon a table, which Aunt Sally always asserted 'Came over in the Mayflower.'"

Permit me to add that I was well acquainted with "Aunt Sally." In my youthful days I often enjoyed the luxuries of her table. She was a descendant of Myles Standish, as well as of John and Priscilla. Among the treasures she inherited from Myles was "Lorea Standish's Sampler," now preserved in one of the glass cases in Pilgrim hall. So many articles had she seen which

were brought over in the Mayflower that my childish imagination pictured that famous vessel as at least forty rods wide and half a mile long!

Did you ever stop to think what narrow lives our Pilgrim fathers led? For several years almost the only book in their possession was the Holy Bible—this they read with a thoroughness which put their descendants to shame. They never saw a newspaper. The first newspaper in the English language was printed in 1623. Were they living today they could take their choice out of 42,800, of which 19,760 are published in this country alone! There was no printing attempted in this country until after they had been here twenty years. They never saw a steamboat, a railroad, a telegraph, a photograph, nor even a friction match! Imagine their surprise could one of their number see just what we have seen today! The utmost stretch of their imagination could not conceive of those things which we now regard as necessary to our very existence!

At the annual dinner of the New England society in New York in the year 1846, a young lawyer of Boston entertained the society with some lines which he had written, entitled "Old Times and New." He was a descendant of Richard Warren of Mayflower fame. In these lines he represents Warren as revisiting this earth and gazing upon the wonders to be seen upon every hand. The lines were published in the newspapers and have been reproduced many times since. The most of you are familiar with them. But since John Alden Spooner showed his pilgrim visitor the wonderful sights of fifty years ago many important discoveries have been made, and many inventions have opened a new world before us. Taking up the subject where Spooner left it, after he had shown Richard Warren a coal fire, a friction match, a railroad train and the telegraph, in imagination I took John Alden into Boston and showed him some of our more modern wonders.

I showed him, first, a building tall,
  Quite eighteen stories high;
Its basement far below the street,
  Its top-floor in the sky.

A closet door stood open wide—
  A closet six feet square;
We entered for an upward ride;
  O, how did Alden stare!

Farewell! Farewell! O, earth," he cried,
  "To worlds unknown I rise;
No longer here am I to dwell;
  My home is in the skies!"

"Don't be so sure, friend John," said I;
"'Twill be a great while later
Before to heaven you can ascend
Upon an elevator!"

Into a box upon the wall,
Whose use he did not know,
"Halloo, halloo," I bade him call;
A voice come back—"Halloo!"

He said: "A friend of mine I hear
Two hundred miles away;
By what device is he brought near
To talk with me today?"

Said I, "Your friend is nowhere near,
As can be plainly shown;
The box that seems to bring him here
Is called a telephone!"

A nickel in the slot we dropped.
Pale, trembling, Alden said:
"How dare you thus disturb the peace
Of orators long dead!

"I hear the voice of one whose words
Once made men good and wise;
What strange connection have you made
'Twixt earth and paradise?

"That voice," said I, "was once impressed
Upon a strip of foil;
'Tis true the speaker now doth rest
In peace beneath the soil.

"But still, when we his words would hear,
And from his lips would learn,
We take the phonograph and give
The cylinder a turn!"

I took him to a studio
Where photographs are made,
And placed him in a straight-back chair,
And said: "Be not afraid!

"Just fix your eye on this one point;
Put on a pleasant look;
And soon your likeness will come out
Like thess within this book,"

A little "click!" and all was done!
Out came the likeness true!
I thought friend John would surely faint—
So cold and pale he grew!

So soon as he could speak
He gasped: "Are spirits there encased
Of artists, such as Raphael,
Or Titian, or West?"

"No spirits did this job," said I;
"We but the button pressed;
For in this new photography
The kodak does the rest!"

"Look! Look!" cried John, "A house on wheels
Comes running on two rails!
It has no horse, nor mule attached—
It has no steam, nor sails!"

Said I, "That thing you call a house
Will stop when it draws near;
We'll enter, and then take a ride;
I trust you have no fear!"

I raised my hand, and lo! it stopped;
As if by magic done.
We entered. As we dashed along,
Said Alden, "This is fun!"

He laughed; he jumped; he clapt his hands,
And said, "O, this is jolly!
Tell me, I pray, what makes it go?"
Said I, "It runs by trolley!"

Another wonder then appeared;
A carriage glided by,
Propelled by some mysterious force,
Like meteor from the sky!

With faltering voice John Alden cried,
As on his knees he fell;
"Whence comes this Chariot of Wrath—
From heaven—or from hell?"

"From neither came that puffing thing;
No terror need you feel!
That horseless rig which just swept by
Is called 'automobile!'"

"For bridal use more fitting this,
I surely hear you say.
Than the white bull Priscilla rode
Upon her wedding day!"

Around the corner dashed two wheels
With bloomers on the top!
John Alden then took to his heels—
I thought he'd never stop!

"O, help! O, help!" I heard him cry,
"I know my deeds are evil,
But never in my life before,
Was I chased by the devil!"

"O, no!" said I; "That's but a girl
Just spinning down the pike,
In garments somewhat masculine,
On what we call a 'bike!'"

Said John: "These things bewilder, quite;
Your wonders never cease;
I'll hasten back to Plymouth Rock
And spend my days in peace!"

It is time that these rambling thoughts were brought to a close.

One bright day in the month of August, I stood upon the western shore of Lake Geneva, Switzerland, and tried to trace the outline of an Alpine range, 65 miles distant. The highest peak towered 15,000 feet above its base, yet, as it was covered with ice and snow, under the glare of the mid-day sun it could not be distinguished from the clouds by which it was capped. But, as the day drew to a close, and the sun sank farther and farther in the west, the outline of the distant range appeared with greater and greater distinctness, until at last the rugged rocks and crags were lost in the twilight, while the snowy crests of the mountains threw back the sun's parting rays and stnod forth in all their majestic grandeur, like piles of burnished silver. It was a sight never to be forgotten.

So, like the distant Alpine range, stand the Pilgrims of 1620. Time has softened their asperities. Their rugged features are lost in the distance. By the alchemy of the ages the rock has turned to silver. We view them through the atmosphere of their influence upon America and American institutions. From their towering moral heights, "pure as ice, chaste as snow," there is thrown back a reflection of that Sun which guided the Pilgrims' wandering feet to these western shores; that Sun in whose light those Pilgrims ever basked; that Sun which never goes down, but whose rays shine brighter and brighter, "unto the perfect day."

An original song by Prof. Henry K. Rowe of Randolph, was sung to the tune of "Auld Lang Syne," the family joinging in the chorus, and the session adjourned for dinner. This was served in an adjacent tent.

AULD LANG SYNE.

As sung at the Second and Third Annual Reunions of the Descendants of John Alden, at Duxbury, August 28, 1902, and August 4, 1903.

Should auld acquaintance be forgot,
And never brought to mind;
Should auld acquaintance be forgot,
And days of auld lang syne?

CHORUS.

For auld lang syne, my dear,
For auld lang syne,
We'll tak' a cup of kindness yet
For the days of auld lang syne.

The following verses were written for the Second Reunion, by Prof. Henry K. Rowe, of Randolph, Mass., a representative of the ninth generation.

SOLO.

Should they who first o'er wintry seas
The light of freedom bore
Be soon forgot by those who meet
On this historic shore? *Chorus.*

SOLO.

We bear their name, we are the heirs
Of all they hold most dear,
And for the love of auld lang syne
With joy we gather here. *Chorus.*

SOLO.

God grant that we our heritage
May cherish at this shrine,
And with the years our love may grow
For the days of auld lang syne. *Chorus.*

Report of the Second Annual Reunion of the Alden Kindred of America,

August 28, 1902.

The day of the Second Annual Reunion of the Alden Kindred of America the sky and sun were clear and bright, and at an early hour the descendants of "John Alden the Pilgrim" were making their pilgrimage to "The Old Homestead," at Duxbury, Mass.

The morning was passed visiting points of historic interest, and in the renewing of old and forming of new acquaintances.

In the spacious tent, procured by the effort of Mr. Charles L. Alden, of Hyde Park, the meeting was called to order at 1.30 P. M., by the President, Mr. George W. Alden, of Brockton.

A short but cordial address of welcome was given by the host of the day, Mr. John W. Alden. Attention was called to three ancient chairs. The one occupied by the President was formerly owned by Elder William Brewster, and the others by the Pilgrim ancestor of the Alden Kindred of America. The President introduced Mr. Nelson Mann, of Randolph, as musical director of the day.

The President said "It is proverbial that the Aldens can sing," and suggested that the devotional exercises be opened by all singing the Doxology. Prayer was offered by Mr. Lewis Alden of Holbrook.

The Secretary's report of the meeting at Highland Park, Sept. 11, 1901, was read and approved. The Secretary also read a letter of thanks from Mrs. McKinley for the Resolutions sent from the Reunion of 1901.

The report of the committee on arrangements was given by Mr. Lewis Alden of Holbrook. Voted to accept the report. A Constitution and By-laws drawn by Mr. Augustus E. Alden of Boston, were read by the President.

Mr. Charles L. Alden, of Hyde Park, moved: That the Constitution and By-laws be taken up as a whole. The motion was carried.

On motion of Charles C. Farnum, M. D., of Randolph, it was voted: That the Constitution and By-laws be adopted.

The President then said "The committee on arrangements has made up and presented to me the following slate for officers: President, George W. Alden, Brockton; Secretary, Mrs. A. H. Sweet, Norton; Treasurer, Charles L. Alden, Hyde Park; Vice Presidents, Messrs. John W. Alden, Duxbury; George A. Alden, Boston; Augustus E. Alden, Boston; Jared F. Alden, Middleboro; Ralph P. Alden, Springfield.

He did not approve of the first officer; but as the descendants present "could not see anything wrong with the slate," the officers were duly elected by the Secretary "casting one ballot for all the officers mentioned on the slate."

It was voted: The name of the Association shall be "The Alden Kindred of America." The name was suggested by the author of the Constitution, Mr. Augustus E. Alden, of Boston,

The following committees were elected: Committee on Arrangements, all the elective officers and one member appointed by each Vice President. The appointees were as follows: Mrs. Marian Longfellow O'Donoghue, Washington, D. C.; Messrs. Adelbert H. Alden, New York; John Alden, Brooklyn, N. Y.; Frank A. Alden, Chicago, Ill.; Franklin H. Alden, Cincinnati, Ohio. Genealogical committee, Chairman, Mr. Charles L. Alden, Hyde Park, Mass.; two others to be appointed by President, and two by Chairman. The President appointed Miss A. Ella Alden, Middleboro, and Mr. Ebenezer Alden, Campello. Chairman, Mr. Charles L. Alden appointed Mr. E. S. Crandon and Mr. Augustus E. Alden, both of Boston. Committee on Membership: the Secretary, the Chairman of Genealogical Committee, and one to be appointed by President. Mrs. Annie W. Howard, of Randolph, was appointed.

Letters of greeting were read from Mr. A. Willard Kingman, of New York, Mrs. Delia Alden Strong and Mrs. Harriet Strong Snyder, of Tecumseh, Mich. All then joined in singing two verses of America.

Mrs. B. W. Thayer, of Brockton, read a very interesting essay entitled "The Descendants of Ruth, Daughter of John and Priscilla." The writer had a pleasing way of presenting the bygone facts of interest, and the paper was received with enthusiasm.

At the suggestion of the President, a little more energy was put to the singing of two more verses of America. The address of the day was by Rev. Marcus Alden Tolman, of Bethlehem, Pa.

Words are inadequate to express the delight derived from the historic accuracy, legendary lore, facetious descriptions of John and Priscilla, humor and pathos of the story, wit of the inserted poem and the grand closing comparison of the Pilgrims with the Alpine mountains. "None heard but to praise."

The address was followed by a fine Pilgrim poem written by Prof. Henry K. Rowe, of Randolph, a representative of the ninth generation. It was sung to the tune of Auld Lang Syne, Mrs. C. C. Farman, of Randolph, whose sweet, cultivated voice was in itself a pleasure, rendering the solo, while the Kindred joined in the chorus.

Mr. Edward E. Alden, of Bridgewater, presented an appeal for a Tablet to John Alden to be placed in Memorial Hall, Bridgewater, Mass. It was referred to the Genealogical committee. The President read a poem entitled "the 250th Anniversary of Duxbury."

Dr. Henry Shaw of Beachmont, member of the state Genealogical committee "warmed over a few dishes which had already been served hot." Like many others of a like nature they were well relished.

Mr. Ebenezer Alden, of Campello, gave a strong paper on Joseph, the son of John and Priscilla, which was replete with evidence of careful genealogical and historical research. Mention was made of land grants given in 1645, but not settled until 1650. These grants were named Bridgewater; and a grant to John Alden of 6 A was later occupied by his son, Joseph,

On motion of Mr. Lewis Alden of Holbrook, a vote of thanks was extended to Mr. W. J. Wright for use of land adjoining the Homestead: to the Post of the G. A. R., at Duxbury, for use of the seats; the Press for courtesies extended to the Association; and all others who had helped to make this Second Reunion a success.

It was voted that a vote of thanks be given Gen. Mgr. Rogers for the use of Highland Park, last year, and that Miss A. Ella Alden, of Middleboro, send same.

Voted that Constitution and By-laws be printed.

The oldest persons present were Mr. Seth Alden, of Fairhaven, Mass., and Mrs. Sarah F. Abbott, of Andover; the former 80, and the latter 82 years young. The youngest was Bertha E. Alden, of Roxbury, who was two months old. Mr. William Winter, of Bancroft, Iowa, represented the earliest generation present, the fifth.

The meeting adjourned to meet, by invitation of Mr. John W. Alden, at Duxbury, at such time as the Committee of Arrangements may decide.

Respectfully submitted,

MRS. A. H. SWEET, *Secretary.*

GEO. W. ALDEN, Pres.

MRS. A. H. SWEET, Sec'y

CHAS. L. ALDEN. Treas.

OFFICERS OF THE ALDEN KINDRED OF AMERICA.

THIRD REUNION AT DUXBURY, MASS.

On August 4th, 1903, at the old John Alden home in Duxbury, Mass., over 500 members of the Alden Kindred gathered for their annual reunion. From many states of the Union came representatives of the great historic family, and the day was one of unusual pleasure to all. Friends from far and near exchanged cordial greetings and joined in paying homage to their common ancestors. An address of welcome from the President, George W. Alden, was enthusiastically received. The Albion Quartette under the direction of Prof. John Carver Alden, rendered excellent music throughout the day.

Letters and telegrams were read by Prof. Silas A. Alden of the Emerson College of Oratory. Several short addresses followed. An important feature of the afternoon session was the plea made by President Alden for the funds of the Association. Several names were handed in for life membership, and a collection was taken. It was voted to make Miss A. Ella Alden of North Middleboro, the originator of the first reunion, a life member, and a framed membership certificate was presented to her.

The Albion Quartette sang "The Sunshine Song" and with the singing of "America" the reunion closed.

The enjoyment of the largest and most successful reunion was due to efficiency of the committee on arrangements, which consisted of: George W. Alden of Brockton; John W. Alden of Duxbury, George A. Alden, Augustus E. Alden of Boston, Ralph P. Alden of Springfield, Mrs. A. H. Sweet of Norton, Charles L. Alden of Hyde Park, Adelbert H. Alden of New York, John Alden of Brooklyn, N. Y., Marian Longfellow of Washington, D. C., Frank A. Alden of Chicago, Ill., and Franklin H. Alden of Cincinnati, O.

An address of Welcome from the President, Geo. W. Alden was enthusiastically received.

THE MORNING SESSION.

ADDRESS OF WELCOME, PRESIDENT GEO. W. ALDEN

"Fellow Descendants of John and Priscilla Alden—As president of the Alden Kindred of America, I extend to you all a most cordial welcome to our reunion today. As chairman of the committee on general arrangements, I wish to state that it is the sincere wish of the committee that this day may be one of unusual pleasure to every descendant present. It is to this end that the committee has labored early and late. While we are somewhat disappointed in not having some speakers whom we expected, we have been very fortunate in securing the talent we have, and we feel sure that the quality of our exercises will not be impaired, although the quantity may be more limited than we had expected. The committee extends hearty thanks to all who have responded to the request for addresses, papers, readings, music, or other help. All that is necessary now to assure a successful and enjoyable reunion is a readiness on the part of those present to enter into the spirit and purpose of our meeting today, and we can but feel that there will be no lack in this respect. The Aldens are noted for enthusiasm, and I am sure that this characteristic is out in full force today. The rapid growth in membership and interest in our association during the past two years shows the measure of fellowship that is really felt between those who have descended from that noble and able Pilgrim, John Alden, and that heroic and gentle woman, Priscilla Molines.

"Why this recognition of worth in those who lived so long ago? Why these associations and reunions, constantly increasing in number, of those who descended from the different Pilgrims? Is it not a God-called pause in the rush and confusion of the present day that true worth, true heroism, and true manhood be recognized? Not less, but more of the God-fearing, courageous and determined qualities of the early Pilgrims are needed in our state and nation today. The world has but little use for the man who sneers at the piety or religious convictions of those early settlers from beyond the seas. Petty and unessential differences in opinions on religious or other matters may be wisely dispensed with, but devotion to duty, and loyalty to real convictions are essentials with which it is never safe to part. I hold in high esteem that man or woman whose religious conviction is so strong that he or she will suffer any hardship rather than violate it. Such people were the Pilgrims. They were loyal—loyal to God, loyal to their fellow-men, and loyal to the cause to

which the compact, signed in the Mayflower, bound them. Such are the kind of men that make good citizens. These Pilgrims were the real founders of the true principles of American citizenship—a government of the people, by the people, and for the people. That the developing of the same measure of loyalty and good citizenship which the Pilgrims possessed, and that the same strong moral character which they manifested may be awakened and increased as a result of such associations as ours, is one of my sincerest wishes; and again, that a helpful companionship and a mutual interest in each other may prove of great help to us in more fully performing our several missions in life, as well as prove a source of great pleasure to us all, is the wish of the president, and should be the ambition of every member of the Alden Kindred of America."

Prof. Franklin Lyon of Fredonia, N. Y., who is 84 years of age, and has been totally blind for nine years, was unable to be present, but sent the following tribute, which was read by Prof. Silas A. Alden:

TRIBUTE TO JOHN ALDEN.

"For the first three months of my life I breathed New England air, and I have sometimes thought this fact explained the basis of my New England preferences. A new impulse was given in the same direction when, 35 years later, I stood at the summit of Bunker Hill monument. This latter influence still kindles my inborn love for New England and the Mayflower forefathers. Let us look at a few of the reasons why his descendants should hold their honored sire in such high esteem. Let us enter the cabin of the Mayflower. The original compact has been drawn and discussed and lies upon the table, awaiting signatures which shall stamp each signer as a Pilgrim forefather. Perfect silence prevails, as each steps forward to record himself one of the pioneer brotherhood. The seventh man approaches and writes with steady nerve the name John Alden. On him, later, his compeers placed the magisterial robe, which he wore for more than fifty years, with character unimpeached and reputation unsullied.

"We also find him repeatedly re-elected assistant governor, a position which he filled satisfactorily for half a century, often performing the governor's duties in the latter's absence. The historic record, whether poetic or biography, shows him a man of integrity, honor, purity and patriotism. We are not surprised that the author of the 'Pilgrim Family' should place at the head of his ancestral line the Honorable John Alden, nor need we be surprised that the thousands of his descendants at the present day should join in annual tribute of honor to their distinguished ancestor, rightfully called the Honorable John Alden."

A variation to the more solid parts of the program was introduced in some recitations by Mr. Vernon A. Field of Chelsea, Mass.

Mr. Field is active in G. A. R. matters, and is also an Alden through the Bass, Thayer, Ford line.

He said first, "We have been quite proud in our family in the possession of a bit of material, which has come down the generations as a piece of the wedding dress of Priscilla. Since coming to this meeting I have been bragging a little of this heirloom, until I met a gentleman who knew another gentleman (whose name he had forgotten) who knew that the dress was intact and in the possession of parties in Arlington.

This caused a hearty laugh at the expense of Mr. Field, but as none present were prepared to dispute his claim, by any further evidence, he can probably feel sure of having a piece of *some* dress of the Plymouth bride, as the whereabouts of other pieces of this same material is known.

Mr. Field then recited in full the poem of Eugene Field, styled "John Smith, U. S. A." As an encore to the quartette's singing "The Old Oaken Bucket That Hung in the Well," Mr. Field recited Charles Follen Adams' modern version, called "Dot Long-handled Dipper vot hangs py der Sink."

Rev. William J. Tilley of Newark, N. J., another poetical Alden, and an Episcopal clergyman, responded to the subject, "John Alden's First Thanksgiving," with a bright original poem.

JOHN ALDEN'S THANKSGIVING-DAY.

BY WILLIAM J. TILLEY.

Sad was the year, and dark, the year sixteen hundred and thirty,
One of the saddest and darkest that ever came to New England.
Death, and his gaunt brother, Famine, together had threatened the people,
Stalking abroad in the land,—invading the peaceable households.
Sad were the inroads, and cruel, the former made in each village,
So that ere dawn of New Year's, half of the people were buried.

Even of those that survived, many lay prostrate and wasting,
Want and disaster, and woe, thus shadowed each pitiful hamlet.
Beleaguered by treacherous men, in the depths of impassable forests,
Suffering all the rigors of cruel merciless Winter,
With houses half serving for shelter, and half for receiving the Storm-King.

Eastward, the stormy Atlantic,—far westward, limitless forests,
Forests trackless and wild; lair of the beast and the savage;
While filling the wintry air, and blinding the eyes of the settler,
Drifted the pitiless snow, and shrouded the earth with mantle.

Desolate was the land, and desolate was the ocean;
Far more desolate still the saddened hearts of the people.
Even the governor saw "his last meal go to the oven."
The hearts of the bravest and best began to falter within them:
"Will God destroy his people?" they cry out, well nigh despairing;
"Will he utterly finish His people?" they murmur, in utter dejection.
Then, thinking for whose sake they suffered, in whose cause they made self-denial,
For whose true scriptural worship they had left homes of ease and of plenty,
Hushed at once their complaining, and bowing meekly before Him,
Resolved to put faith in their God, and to cast all their burdens upon Him.
"His ear is not deaf to their cry, if his people with diligence seek Him.
May we not leave then," they say, "our matters with safety unto Him?"
Obedient to their resolve, the pious governor, John Winthrop,
When he had sought the advice and full consent of his council,

Presently sets forth a day of fasting and prayer to his people,—
Like Ninevah sitting of old, arrayed in sackcloth and ashes,
So did this penitent people await the coming of fast-day.

It is the evening before. The twilight rapidly deepens.
Silent, and pensive, and sad, in their gloomy dwellings, the people
Ponder over their woes, and the coming fast of the morrow.—
On a sudden, a sound of joy, and a shout of wild exultation
Leaps on the evening air, and startles each from his musings.
Then more distinctly it comes,—"A sail! A sail! in the offing!"

Rushing at once out of doors, the villagers, now in confusion,
Throng to the neighboring beach, and lo! afar in the distance,
Looms through the mist the white token of certain and speedy salvation;
For, laden with goods and provisions, the good English vessel, the "Lyon,"
Enters Nantasket harbor, and bears down fully upon them.
Surely the Father in Heaven still heareth the prayers of His people,
And the day appointed for *Fasting* is changed to one of *Thanksgiving*.

Radiant the morning dawns. Serene is the sun in the heavens,
Still more calm and serene the grateful hearts of the people,
As if there fell upon all the sweet benediction of heaven.
Throughout the colony towns, devout men, and women, and children,
From every hamlet they come, from even the lowliest dwelling,
With hearts full of gratitude, seeking their humble places of worship,
There to give thanks unto God, for His great and manifold mercies.

"To the "meeting house" at Naumkeag, now Salem, so rustic in fashion,
There went up the goodliest band, the flower of the New England people ;
Governor John Winthrop among them, and Lieutenant Governor Dudley ;
Around them were gathered the Council, and with them their wives and their children.
There, in the prime of his manhood, sat Simeon Bradstreet, the pious,
Whose pure, unselfish devotion so won the hearts of the people,
They gave him the title of Nestor, and raised him to honor and power.
And there by his side, beamed Annie, his wife and faithful companion,
Whose rapt face seemed fit and becoming the first poetess of New England,
And there, too, was seated John Alden,—beside him, the fair-haired Priscilla,
Whom, years before, sturdy Miles Standish had loved but failed in his wooing.
Sweet was the picture they made,—this pair of true, wedded lovers,
The halo of romance about them appealing to every beholder ;
The love-light still in their eyes, in spite of the burdens and sorrows
Which claimed such a share of the lives of all the Puritan people ;
For love is enduring and strong,—love ever lightens all burdens.

Thus sat Alden, the dreamer, the blue-eyed, fresh-colored Saxon,
A man of "most excellent form, of a fair and ruddy complexion,"
Beside him, the fairest and best of all the women of Plymouth,
Whose sweet eyes, and manner so winning, had won every heart in the village.

In quiet revery he sat, this pattern of love and of duty,
Love unselfish and pure, that transforms and transfigures its subject ;

Duty that turned not aside from pathway of truth and of honor,
Thus, while he mused on the past, conflicting emotions o'erwhelmed him,
As he thought how wondrous and strange had been the ways of God's leading,
Down through the valley of Fear and Despair, and up to the heights of Thanksgiving;
From the day he left England, and all, for the sake of the fair-haired Priscilla
Whom he had worshipped from far, yet dared not reveal his great secret.
Thought, too, how God had o'erruled his rashness, when weak and despairing,
He planned to flee in his woe, and leave her forever behind him.
Surely a hand unseen our destiny, thought he, is shaping,'
For there by his side sat Priscilla, grown dearer and dearer unto him,
Whom to be near was enough, since her very presence was blessing!
Thus, as he realized all, a voice in his heart kept repeating:
What shall I render the Lord, for all His mercies toward me?"

What though the service were long,—the prayers near an hour in duration;
The sermon two hours or more, ere they heard its conclusion:
These hearts gave thanks to a God whose mercy endureth forever.
Could they forget that His mercy but yesterday, even, had saved them!
What though magnificent organ breathed not its deep aspirations?
Lifting the spirit aloft on its tide of holy devotion,
Voices, mingled as one, arose in profound adoration,
The whole congregation uniting in one glad psalm of thanksgiving.
What if the good old deacon, with tuning-fork, as a leader,
Pitched all the tunes too high, as usual when somewhat excited;
What though some sang "out of tune," and mangled with discord each chorus?

Borne on the wings of their love, the sacred song of thanksgiving
Rose to the ears of Him, who in spite of discord, discerneth
Melody made in the heart, if not with the lips of His people.

Hushed is the voice of the psalm, and in the stillness that follows,
Rises that aged man, the beloved, the gray-bearded Brewster:
In accents solemn and deep, yet tremulous with emotion
Prays, and the people depart, with God's benediction upon them:
Depart to their now happy homes, on their several ways, with rejoicing,
Pausing, now and anon, for the latest news of the village.
Then, in their various households, by happy firesides gathered,
They feasted,—till into the darkness departed their day of thanksgiving.

Recitations were given by "Capt." Myles Standish Alden and Ruth Alden of Hyde Park, both of whom wore costumes like those worn by their ancestors 250 years before.

Clara Alden Kenyon of Providence, R. I., gave in a pleasing manner a reading, "The Pilgrim Fathers, Where are They?"

Judge G. R. Alden of Fort Wayne, Ind., was unable to be present, and President Alden introduced Vernon A. Field of Chelsea, who spoke in his place.

Mrs. Sarah F. Abbott of Andover, who is 84 years of age, read an interesting paper which she called "Reminiscences." Mrs. Abbott said in part:

MRS. ABBOTT'S ADDRESS.

"John Alden has been to me a familiar name from my childhood up. When I was ten years old my father took me with him on a three-days journey in the one-horse shay, from our New Hampshire home to Plymouth. Many of the incidents of that journey are vivid in my memory still, my first sight of Boston, the seeing of John Quincy Adams (a loyal descendant of John Alden) in his own home in Quincy, of Plymouth and its surroundings, of being placed on my feet on the famous Plymouth rock, by my father, and being told that our ancestor was the first of the Mayflower Pilgrims who leaped upon that

MRS. SARAH F. ABBOTT.

rock. Some of the incidents which I shall give today are a part of the whiling away of that interesting journey. I learned our family ancestral line before I knew all of the assembly catechism. John Alden's daughter, Ruth, married John Bass; his daughter, Sarah, married Ephraim Thayer; his daughter, Esther, married Moses French; his son, Jonathan, married Abigail Richards,

who was also a descendant of John Alden in another line ; their son, Jonathan, married Rebecca Farrar ; their daughter, the eighth of the eleven children, is thus in the seventh generation, in a direct line from John Alden, and in a double line from her grandmother down, and thus claims the right to be here today.

"We know comparatively little about the early life of our illustrious progenitor. He is supposed to have been a native of Great Britain, though but few of the name have been found in England. The name has been common in Germany. Our John Alden is known to have come from Leyden on that first voyage of the Mayflower, in 1620, when he was twenty-two years old. He was one of the signers of the compact adopted a few days before their finding a place of settlement. From the men's standpoint, we love to hear of John Alden as the statesman, the warrior, the civil magistrate for so many years. For more than 36 years he was assistant to every governor of the colony but one, the lamented Carver, who so early laid down his life after assuming the burdens of life in the new colony. He was also one of the original signers with Robert, Earl of Warwick, Edward Winslow, Myles Standish and John Howland in that famous patent for Plymouth, and delivered the same in due form to Governor Bradford, in 1629.

"We women do not prize these noble qualities less, but we love to think of him as the public friend and benefactor of the colony, the helper of the oppressed, the brave defender of women and children in those cruel times of Indian massacres. Always so far as possible placing himself between them and danger. His noble self-denial in giving up the quest of a happy domestic life to succor the helpless and the suffering. We admire him greatly, too, in the few glimpses history has given of John Alden in his own home, as a model in hospitality, a generous provider, a happy husband and father, the constant friend, and perhaps more than all, as the rollicking companion of his eight children. Four smart, sturdy boys, after their father's own heart, John, Joseph, David and Jonathan, and four lovely daughters, Elizabeth, Sarah, Ruth and Mary. I have heard it said when he was asked why neither of his daughters was named for the mother, that he gallantly replied, that there never could be but one Priscilla.

"The younger ladies will doubtless wish to dwell more upon John Alden's character as a young man, and his successful wooing and winning of Priscilla Molines."

Mrs. Abbott told again the familiar story of the wooing of Priscilla, giving the story handed down by Elisha Thayer, the family historian, who claims that Myles Standish sent John simply to ask permission of Priscilla's

father for the captain to visit the young woman, as was the custom in those days. Her father was willing, but said that his daughter must also consent, and called her to the room. It was to this question that she replied with the oft repeated question: "Why don't you speak for yourself, John?" Mrs. Abbott also said that the family traditions declared that Myles Standish never forgave John Alden till the day of his death, but Longfellow makes him more charitable.

"The two families became close friends, and the captain's heart was not broken, since he married soon after Miss Barbara, whose other name the historians forgot to give, but who is said to have been a cousin, and a Standish, who arrived in a later vessel. The wives, Priscilla and Barbara, were intimately associated in every good work in the colony, and their children afterwards intermarried. Listen to this bill of fare, at one of their public gatherings here in Duxbury, when the governor and his council and all the elite of the colony seem to have been present. Mistresses Bradford, Priscilla Alden and Barbara Standish seem to have been the prime movers, and the heads of the culinary part of the feast. Jane Austin has given a description of the affair The tables themselves were rough and plain, but set off with the finest damask from Holland, and with napery and doilies of Mistress Bradford's own spinning and weaving. Young swains and their sweethearts sat at side tables. There were no knives or forks used at the tables in those days. The men carried their own sheath knives and clasp knives, with which to separate the huge pieces of meat, and the bread was buttered before being carried to the table. Spoons were abundant, but forks were unknown. Mistress Bradford had received a present of a dozen elegant ivory handled knives, which were displayed, but wisely kept for show, A powerful trident was used to lift the boiled beef from the kettle; there followed the boar's head, a roasted peacock, a spiced and roasted ham and roasted suckling pigs. Between each two plates was placed a pewter or wooden basin of clam chowder, prepared by Priscilla, who was held to possess a magic charm for all special dishes. Next came the loving cup, not unlike the loving cup of today; solid silver of the purest, holding two quarts. First passed to the governor, then around the table. After the loving cup came the 'pye,' the crowning gem of the repast. Hopkins, who was present as a guest, declared, 'Now by my tooth, I did not know a pye could be concocted out of Yorkshire, and since the Yorkshire pye has come here, I am content to stay.' It was surmounted with battlements and towers, and a floating banner. After the pye, the chowder was followed by a huge dish of succotash. Wild fowl, in various ways, a mammoth bowl of 'sallet,' after which came the sweet dishes, including "whips and "syllabubs.' It would

almost seem that these Pilgrims launched into extravagance when plenty at last came.

"There is one phase of our heroine's life where our Priscilla of today might do well to copy the crowning experiment of her life. I have never been an advocate of women's rights at the polls. In most respects, she probably has all the rights she can manage. But in that the supreme point of a woman's life the choosing of the sharer of her joys and sorrows, she has never seemed to me to have fair play. Are there not some who would have tact enough to know when and how to ask John to speak, and induce popular opinion to sanction the custom? Would there not be fewer divorces and less incompatibility? Mrs. Abbott also believed this practice would forestall many sad stories of what "might have been."

Mary Lyon Purrinton, the poet for the day, was unable to be present, but sent the following poem, which was read by Prof. Silas A. Alden:

MISS PURRINTON'S POEM.

Good kinsfolks, assembled to honor a name
Already enshrined in the temple of fame,
Good morrow! And may we together invoke
The spirit as well as the name so oft spoke.

Of him whose red life blood still flows in our veins,
John Alden, good morrow! We come from the plains,
We come from the mountains, by land and by sea,
To meet you and greet you in posterity.

We care not for history, story or song,
We care not for time that marks life short or long;
Nor yet for surroundings, nor matters of state;
When spirit meets spirit, all spirits are great.

So we need not to borrow an opera glass
To distinguish our notable sire as we pass,
('Tis a treacherous tool and best not used at all,
For we're sure to see through it too large or too small);

Nor strain our mind's eye down the dim, dusty past,
To fix just the spot where the world saw him last;
But closing our eyes in a silence unbroken,
By fragments of words, the fittest e'er spoken.

Let soul of each kindred reach deeper, mount higher,
Through kinship with soul of John Alden, our sire.
That strong, fearless spirit that rose above fate
In personal problems, in questions of state.

That great, tender spirit gone out to a maid,
That spirit of truth, ne'er concealed, ne'er displayed,
Is ours; 'tis a heritage goodly we claim,
Far richer than money, far greater than fame.

We are all heirs-apparent; our legacies vast,
As hopes of the future, as stores of the past.
One's capacity only can measure his share—
Then let him who complains be enlarged or beware.

'Tis only his own narrow soul breaking forth
In impotent rage 'gainst the broad soul of worth.
John Alden, we thank you! Your earth-life indeed
Has blossomed and fruited and perfected seed.

May this myriad seed in our hearts find rich soil,
Till watered by wisdom and tended by toil,
The blade with its flower and its fruit shall arise,
And a million John Aldens come up where one dies.

LETTERS, TELEGRAMS AND POEMS.

CINCINNATI, OHIO, August 1, 1903.

MRS. A. H. SWEET, Secretary The Alden Kindred of America, Duxbury:

May happiness and good fellowship reign supreme at the reunion today.

FRANKLIN A. ALDEN.

WASHINGTON, D. C., August 4, 1903.

GEORGE W. ALDEN, President Alden Kindred of America Reunion:

Greeting to Alden Kindred. Much regret inability to be present.

MARIAN LONGFELLOW.

FORT WAYNE, IND., August 4, 1903.

A. E. ALDEN, Care Alden Reunion Committee, Duxbury, Mass.:

White man's prisoner. Sorrow in lodge. Come next pow wow. Bring heap scalp.

SAMUEL ROXWELL ALDEN.

NEW YORK, August 1, 1903.

My Dear Kindred:—As one of the Alden Clan, I regret that I cannot be at the "Gathering" next Tuesday. I send you "Greeting" and some verses and hope that every Alden will ask for himself and get what he asks for.

Very sincerely yours,

FRANCIS LEBARON.

LINES FOR THE ALDENS.

Faith is the corner stone,
Not dogma and not creed,—
Faith is the power of Love alone,
In generous thought and deed.
Faith reached across the sea
And nobly planted here,
A nation strong and free,
Without reproach or fear.
Faith brings a clearer day!
This is the Alden way.

Hope lights her heavenly lamp,
Bidding the world rejoice,
Lifting men's hearts from earthly damp
By the beauty of her voice.
Hope gilds the darkest cloud,
Turns midnight into morn,
Singing in accents clear and loud,
That Christ indeed is born.
Hope bids the heart be gay!
This is the Alden way.

The keystone of the arch,
We place with loud acclaim,
The triumph of man's onward march,
Is writ in words of flame.
The all embracing word,
All other words above,
On earth, in heaven 'tis heard,—
That saving word is Love.
Let Love alone hold sway!
This is the Alden way.

Faith, Hope and Love, these three,
A blessed Trinity—
Let every Alden swear
These blessed words to bear
On knightly shield and sword,
Till the coming of the Lord
Has banished war and strife,
Brought peace with blessing rife,
And won eternal life.
Till through the earth we find
God's image in mankind.

FRANCIS LEBARON, New York City,
Aug. 1st, 1903.

INDIANA IS HEARD FROM.

TERRE HAUTE, IND., July 31, 1903.

MR. AUGUSTUS E. ALDEN, Chairman Rallying Committee of the Alden Kindred of America.

Dear Sir:—Your kind invitation to be present at the Reunion of the "Alden Kindred of America," is before me. Much as I would like to attend the Reunion, circumstances prevent my doing so. The descendants of John Alden have furnished more than their quota of able men—physicians, clergymen, teachers, jurists, business men, naval and army officers and literary men, including such poets as Longfellow and Bryant, who were proud to be numbered among the descendants of John Alden. But what is more important to our country, the rank and file have been men of sterling worth and integrity,

always, so far as I have observed, found on the side of law and order, right and justice, men interested in promoting education, civic reforms and religion. If there is anything in heredity, and there is much, such virtues should be expected from noble ancestors, and all the descendants of John and Priscilla should be proud that such blood flows in their veins.

It would give me great pleasure to spend the day with you at the old homestead established 250 years ago, and then visit Plymouth again, place my feet on the famous rock first trod by John Alden when he gallantly sprang from the boat to assist Mary Chilton to land, and once more stand

"On the hill of hallowed brow
Where the Pilgrim sleepeth now,"

but as I cannot be with you, I send to the Alden Kindred of the East friendly greetings from the Aldens of the West, and wish you a most happy Reunion.

Sincerely yours,

LYMAN P. ALDEN.

To the Cousins and Friends assembled at the Annual Reunion of the Alden Kindred of America:

Permit an absent member of the above named Association to present his greetings from afar.

I am greatly disappointed at not being able to be with you today, but the Atlantic ocean, upon which I am looking as I write, presents a barrier 3000 miles in width, so I must content myself by listening to your exercises and tasting of your New England dinner only in imagination.

When your Committee so kindly invited me to join in the exercises of this day, I thought it possible that I might be able to find some data in England bearing on our family history, but so far I have been unable to do so. Before I return to America, I expect to meet the editor of a genealogical magazine in London, who has asked me to write an Alden article for its columns, also a gentleman in Oxford who bears the name of Alden and with whom I have had some correspondence; and from these authorities I hope to gain some information that may prove of interest to our clan.

We admit that our ancestor was a Cooper, but he was a good Cooper—otherwise the Pilgrim adventurers would not have employed him to repair their leaky barrels of "schnapps."

We regret that there are no specimens of his handiwork among the Mayflower relics; but if the "Barrels" of East Bridgewater, who trace their descent from John and Priscilla, as well as from Miles and Barbara, may be regarded as a fair sample of John's work, we need not be ashamed of his humble calling.

Yes, John Alden was a Cooper. For many years while virtually acting as governor of the Plymouth colony, he was working on a Tub of State which was destined to hold some of the greatest blessings that ever enriched the human family. That "Tub" has floated down to us on the ocean of time; its well-riveted hoops grow stronger and stronger as the years roll on; it has dashed against many a rock which, for a time, threatened its destruction; it

has buffeted many an angry wave, but not a leak appears; and today more than seventy-five millions of people are sailing in that Tub on the sea of prosperity, and rejoicing in the fact that the Cooper of Plymouth builded so well.

Sincerely yours,

MARCUS ALDEN TOLMAN,

On the Cornish Coast, Bude. England August 4th, 1903.

ROCHESTER, N. Y., August 4th, 1903.

GEORGE W. ALDEN, President Alden Kindred Association, Duxbury, Mass.:

My Dear Mr. Alden:—I have just wired you as follows, and now beg to confirm same. "Am mailing to you today at Duxbury, a life membership subscription of twenty-five dollars. Success to the undertaking. Enclosed please find my check for $25.00, my subscription to the "Alden Kindred Fund." I am very glad to learn that this effort is being made to erect a suitable memorial to our honored Ancestor, John Alden. Some five years ago, I visited Duxbury, and while there saw the Standish Monument, and at that time I hoped that the time would come when an effort would be made to erect a suitable memorial of some kind to our Ancestor, John Alden. I regret very much that it has been impossible for me to be present this year at the Reunion at the Old Homestead, however, I trust at another time that it will be convenient for me to be present.

With very kind regards to yourself, and best wishes to the success of the erection of this memorial, I am very truly yours,

GEORGE FERRIS ALDEN.

ROCHESTER, N. Y., August 4th, 1903.

GEORGE W. ALDEN, President Alden Kindred Association, Duxbury, Mass.:

Am mailing to you today at Duxbury, a life membership subscription of twenty-five dollars. Success to the undertaking. JOHN F. ALDEN.

OYSTER BAY, N. Y., August 3, 1903.

MR. AUGUSTUS E. ALDEN, Chairman, 812 Colonial Building, Boston, Mass.:

My Dear Sir:—Your letter of July 31st, has been received and the President requests me to thank you, and through you, the members of your Association for the kind invitation extended to him. He regrets, however, that it will be impossible for him to be present on the occasion to which you refer. He is endeavoring to obtain a much needed rest while at Oyster Bay, and to this end has declined all invitations for the summer months.

With an expression of the President's cordial appreciation of your courtesy, believe me, very truly yours,

B. F. BARNES, Acting Secretary to the President.

TORRINGTON, Conn., August 1, 1903.

Dear Sir:—The programme of the coming Reunion at Duxbury, Mass., has been received for which I thank you very much. I am exceedingly disappointed in not being able to be present. It will be more than interesting,

and the meeting with so many of the Family will be a pleasure beyond expression, and I am sure all will enjoy every moment of the meeting. In response to your request, I enclose my line of descent from John Alden, the Pilgrim. Very truly yours,

J. Everett Alden.

Note.—The combined ages of Mr. Alden's line as given by him, for seven generations, 1st, John, Joseph, Deacon Joseph, Eleazer, Deacon Ezra, Ezra, James H., is 571 years; an average of $81\frac{1}{2}$ years each. A very remarkable record.

U. S. Flag Ship Kentucky, off Tokio, China, June 13, 1903.

The Alden Kindred of America:

Dear Friends:—Your letter of April 16th, in answer to my query of the month before, is at hand. I have been greatly interested in the circulars and descriptive matter you enclosed, and shall look for a report of the particulars of the reunion with interest. It will be needless for me to say that the Alden traditions are treasures of a rare interest. You may put me down as a representative in this part of the world, though I fear it will not be possible for me to be present at this year's reunion, therefore I send a hearty greeting to the Alden Kindred. Sincerely Yours,

Arthur W. Alden.

U. S. Flag Ship Kentucky, Asiatic Station.

Society of Mayflower Descendants, Office of the Governor, 100 State Street, Chicago, July 23d, 1903.

Mrs. A. H. Sweet, Secretary.

My dear Madam:—My attention has been called to the notice in the public papers extending an invitation to the descendants of John Alden and Priscilla Mullens to be present at the reunion to be held at the Alden Homestead in Duxbury, on the fourth of August. The enclosed brief record will show you that I am one of the descendants of the family, and in virtue of that fact, I presume, I am today holding the office of Governor of the Mayflower Society in Illinois.

On the part of myself and son, Mr. Charles Cheney Hyde, who is likewise a member of the Mayflower Society of Illinois, I beg leave to say that we should be glad to be present at the time of the reunion, and that, in event of our being unable to attend, we desire to express to our cousins from all parts of the country our best wishes for the success of the reunion and our high appreciation of the bond which unites us, and which we all agree to honor.

With respect.

Your obedient servant,

James Nevins Hyde.

Letters of greeting were received from Myron S. Alden, Battle Creek, Mich.; Ada R. Fenton, Janesville, Wis.; Thomas Alden Hornsey, Lexington, Ky.; W. L. Woodruff, Mobile, Ala.; Loyal Remels Alden, from My Maryland.

COMMONWEALTH OF MASSACHUSETTS, EXECUTIVE DEPARTMENT.

BOSTON, August 3, 1903.

AUGUSTUS E. ALDEN, ESQ., Chairman, 812 Colonial Building, Boston.

My dear Sir:—I have received your cordial letter of the 31st instant, inviting Mrs. Bates and myself to attend the John Alden reunion at the Old Alden Home in Duxbury, tomorrow, Tuesday, August 4th, at which reunion is to be commemorated the two hundred and fiftieth anniversary of the home established by your honored ancestor. I assure you that both Mrs. Bates and myself would have much pleasure were we able to accept your invitation and to meet the members of your family, but owing to engagements long since made for tomorrow, it will be impossible.

Thanking you for inviting us, and with best wishes for a most enjoyable reunion, believe me,

Yours very truly,

JOHN L. BATES.

DETROIT, MICH., July 29th, 1903.

AUGUSTUS E. ALDEN, ESQ., Chairman Rallying Committee. Boston, Mass.

My dear Mr. Alden:—Your communication of the 25th at hand, and it is with great regret that I inform you of my inability to attend the reunion next month, as I had hoped to do, but the absence of my father in Europe makes it impossible for me to get away.

I can hardly give any report on work done here, as my papers in the Society of Mayflower Descendants have only just been approved and all society matters are at a standstill at this time of the year, as soon as I can get the names of those descended from John Alden who are members of the Mayflower Society, I will make a personal call on each. I have sent quite a number of application blanks to different relatives scattered all over the States, some of these have joined and others will probably do so this fall, and I am sure that before another reunion takes place, I can give you substantial evidence of my interest in the Alden Kindred.

I trust the reunion this year will be a glorious success, and while the "Old Homestead" is certainly a grand place to hold them, do you not think that in many ways it might promote the interests of the Society and interest in it, to hold a reunion in the West. Detroit has many advantages for such a gathering, and, as you doubtless know, something of a reputation as a Convention City, or it might be a good idea to hold the next reunion in St. Louis. I will be pleased to have you send me the "Pilgrim Alden" for the $2.00 enclosed.

Yours very truly,

CHARLES H. AYERS.

CINCINNATI, Ohio, Mar. 12, 1903.

MR. AUGUSTUS E. ALDEN, Boston, Mass.

Dear Sir:—In reply to your request of the 10th, I wish to say that I feel honored to represent "The Alden Kindred of America." in any capacity which

I may be called upon to do. In the first place, according to the Constitution and By-Laws of the order, I enclose registration fee in the Society membership. Now in this connection, I wish to state that I am with you, heart and soul in this organization. I speak as an "Alden," without egotism, but am fully satisfied from the history of the race, that there is no family upon American soil better entitled to recognition.

I was pleased to receive from you the "Alden Insignia Pin" and the history in book form, a short time ago, which myself and family read with much interest.

Now, as to the future, I shall always be ready and willing at your command, to do anything within my power to advance the interests of this organization in this city, state, or elsewhere, when possible for me to do so. I wish you and all those connected with the Society every success, and thank you for the honor of serving as one of your committee.

One other item I wish to add,—I have travelled quite extensively in upwards of twenty states of the Union, and have never known a person bearing the name of "Alden," who was what you might term a disgrace to it. I have come in contact with many in the different states, and have always found them in such position as to moderately, at least, take care of themselves; and, in the business I am now engaged in, as a National Collection Agency, which reaches on a period of five years, sending claims throughout the U. S., and, in fact, throughout the world, we have never entered the name of Alden upon our books for a claim for collection, that I remember.

I think the above mentioned points speak well for the "Alden" name, and of which we may all be justly proud. Sincerely yours,

FRANKLIN H. ALDEN.

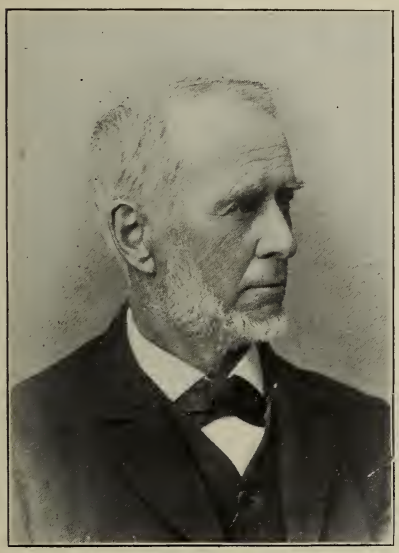
AFTERNOON SESSION.

President Alden called the afternoon session to order soon after 2 o'clock, and Prof. John Carver Alden rendered a piano selection. By special request the Albion quartet repeated its singing of "Hurrah for Old New England."

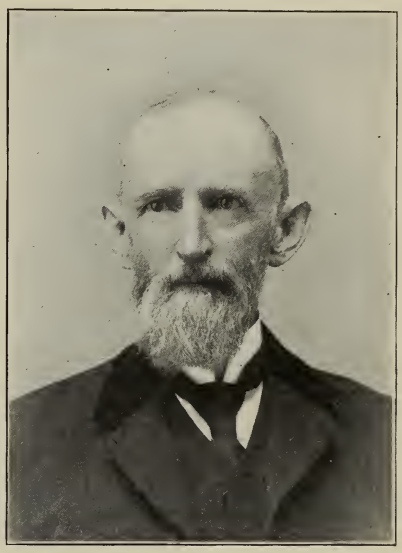
The election of officers came up as the first business for the afternoon, and a motion was made by William Alden Blossom of Boston, who said he "believed it to be a bad idea to change horses while crossing a stream," that the present officers be unanimously re-elected, as the society is still young. W. W. Blossom, of Concord, seconded this motion, which was carried with enthusiasm, and the re-elected officers are as follows: President, George W. Alden of Brockton; Vice Presidents, John W. Alden of Duxbury, George A. Alden of Boston, Augustus E. Alden of Boston, Jared F. Alden of Middleboro, Ralph P. Alden of Springfield; Secretary, Mrs. A. H. Sweet of Norton; Treasurer, Charles L. Alden of Hyde Park.

The Albion quartet sang "The Old Oaken Bucket," which received considerable applause, and later sang "In the Angel's Land." A written request was sent to President Alden to ask "the man who recited that Field poem to give us some more." Mr. Field, therefore, came forward and gave "The Long Handled Dipper," a parody on the "Old Oaken Bucket," and when an encore was started, made a hasty exit from the tent, and left people to believe he had gone in search of "Dot long handled dipper, vot hangs in der sink."

A change was made in the programme, and the president introduced at this point, Henry M. Puffer of Shelburne Falls. Mr. Puffer, who is a lawyer, spoke on "Alden Characteristics." He drew his conclusion regarding family traits from the observance of his own branch of the family.



FRANKLIN H. LYONS.



H. M. PUFFER.

Mr. Chairman and Alden Kindred:—Long ago in my childhood days, on her father's doorsteps on Catamount hill, where the first school-house flag in this country was floated in 1812, on pleasant evenings, sat a beautiful love-lorn maiden, who would for hours plaintively chant this verse:

He is coming down the ro-ad,
He is coming down the ro-ad,
He is coming down the ro-ad,
Have you got your full supply?

Well, I have come down the ro-ad with, I fear, a rather indifferent supply.

Mr. Chairman and Beloved Kindred—It gives me great pleasure to be here today. I am surely enjoying this grand Alden Reunion. It is 25 years since I was here viewing the sacred landmarks and strolling through the streets of this our own home-land. I spent an hour over in yonder, then neglected cemetery, scraping moss from prostrate slabs, that I might read the names of the illustrious forgotten dead who had been buried there, christian men and women, noble patriots who had characters worthy of emulation. As I gaze upon all these descendants of Hon. John Alden and Priscilla Molines of Mayflower fame, and think of the noble robust ancestors who have preceded them, there comes to my mind a justice trial in my town many long years ago, for assault and battery.

The hall was crowded with neighbors, anxious to hear what the two government witnesses, John and Billy Elm, would say. John, 90 years old, took the stand, and gave a straight account of the affair. He was tall, square-shouldered, with long white hair and bright eyes. The old Justice was much pleased with his personal appearance, and asked him about his habits. He said he was very careful of his health, bathed daily, never ate but three meals a day. Never used strong drink nor tobacco. Went to bed early and rose early, and never had but one wife. The old Justice commended his example to all present.

Then Billy, tall and stout, with elastic step, and long white hair and beard, took the stand, and with a strong voice, corroborated his brother's testimony. When he had finished, the Justice remarked, I suppose your habits have been similar to your brother's and that you are several years younger. "No," said Billy, "I am five years older than John. I have always been hale and hearty, eating when I was hungry, drinking when I was dry, sitting up with the boys playing cards, drinking and smoking until they were all tired out. Have never risen until the dew was off the ground, always take one good swim in the summer, and am living with my sixth wife. The others are waiting for me on the shore beyond."

The old Justice was so paralyzed that he discharged the accused, and jumping up, exclaimed: "This Elm timber, wet or dry, is the toughest timber I have ever seen." So say I, the Alden Kindred, past and present, wet or dry, single or married, represents the toughest, best strains of human character to be found. But do not forget the valuable traits or characteristics which have come to us through the noble sons and daughters of other descent.

Please remember that location and environment will effect the characteristics of any family. Robin Redbreast in the North is admired for its beauty

and song. In the South, it loses its color and song and becomes a game bird for the sportsman. Now what is my connection with the Alden Kindred and why has my cousin, Augustus Ephraim Alden, conspired with the Honorable Committee to place me in this critical position? Answer to the second part of the question—the Lord only knows. In reply to the first part—I am of the eighth generation of the Mayflower Aldens, the oldest son of Lucy Thomas Alden, descended from the Hon. John Alden and many times great grandmother, Priscilla Molines, through Joseph, 2nd, (Joseph, 3rd, Eleazer, 4th, David, 5th, Rev. John, 6th, Lucy Thomas, 7th.) Grandmother, Nancy Gray, of Pelham, and Grandfather were married when she was 17. She died at the age of 42; they had fourteen children. My mother was the youngest daughter, the best and handsomest; sensitiveness was one of her characteristics. Father wanted to call me John Alden Puffer, but she was afraid the relatives would think that name was chosen for the sake of a present. From my acquaintance with this family, comes my personal knowledge of Alden traits, and I trust that the varied incidents I relate will convey some idea of them to you. Grandfather had one of the best farms in Ashfield, when parts of the town were a howling wilderness and wolves were all around, when Grandfather brought his bride from Pelham, seated on a pillion, behind him, to his pleasant home in Bear River valley, under the shadow of Mt. Owen. I have the pillion, the Alden cradle, and the trap that caught five wolves on one farm not far away, in my office. A love of relics, for visible links connecting the past with the present, is one of my characteristics.

I think the Hon. John Alden must have gotten over his bashfulness soon after marriage. I have not noticed that his descendants are troubled with it, in matters of the heart. Ardency in wooing and loyalty in love, are Alden traits. Grandfather had great executive ability; he farmed it to make money for the good of his family. In those days, before any modern improvements had come to bless mankind, money was very scarce. So he produced what would always bring money, wool and cider brandy. It was no disgrace then to make and drink good liquor. But when the Washingtonian movement swept through New England, he was the first to banish strong drink from the hayfield and sheep washing, at a great personal loss, for men were bitter in their denunciations of what they called his stinginess, and would not work for him. He thoroughly believed in the great temperance reform. It is an Alden characteristic to do what they think is right. In a year or two, many other farmers discovered that hay and other crops could be harvested in the absence of liquor, without a sunstroke, and sheep could be washed without catching cold.

He was stern in his family, and allowed no shirking; but he loved them and tried to bring them up in Bible ways. He left the indulgent part to Grandmother, with plenty of money to carry out her wishes.

His word was as good as his bond, and that is an Alden characteristic. He was noted for his hospitality. Some broken down minister, or lecturer, or dependent relative, were frequent guests, while the few local tramps of those days always found a lodging and warm meals there.

Hospitality is another Alden characteristic. One neighbor who had his supply of brandy cut off, reported that Grandfather had sold him his thumb a thousand times, by letting it slip over inside of the measure. I don't believe the yarn, neither did Grandmother. Suppose it was true; It is an Alden characteristic to have small hands, so the thumb did not displace much liquor, and the man was better off without it.

In his later years, Grandfather did a good deal of missionary and temperance work without pay. He was bitterly opposed to hand shaking, because it showed fellowship with rogues and unbelievers. I was the only one whose hand he would shake. He thought I was too young to be wicked. I think it is an Alden characteristic to be particular about associates.

For several years he offered to restore tenfold to all whom he had wronged. That was a peculiarity. Grandmother was jolly and humorous. She loved a joke. My uncles and aunts inherited many good qualities from her. She was a loving mediator between her children and their father. At one time four girls wanted gold beads. Grandfather thought it was foolishness and refused. Grandmother got $40.00 from him and bought the beads. Perhaps vanity is a characteristic. The children inherited from Grandfather, business ways, a sense of justice, prudence, economy, reverence for God and old age, loyalty to government, and perseverance. From Grandmother, humor, sociability, gentle ways and love of humanity. By both they were taught to be industrious, intelligent men and women.

It is a characteristic of our kindred to be loyal to one country, one God, and one consort at a time. Many have the highest places in church and state. Many have been famous poets, authors, preachers, doctors, lawyers, merchants and successful business men and women. Few have been very rich and few very poor. We never have to visit the almshouses or jails to find our kindred. My oldest uncle was a joker, a tall, sandy-haired, blue-eyed Yankee Alden. He was a great problem for Grandfather to solve. He would set him hard stunts to keep him out of mischief. Having given him one, when he was to be absent all day, that would keep him busy all day until dark, Uncle asked what he should do when he had finished it; Grandfather said, "cut up the pig

trough." He had made a new one the day before. When he returned, he found the work well done, and the pig trough in splinters. One day instead of doing his stunt, he made imitation pig's feet from corn husks, and marked the garden all over with them. When reprimanded for not working, he showed his father the numerous tracks and convinced him that he had enough to do to keep the pigs out.

During the Millerite excitement, on the night set for the world to end, when most of the neighbors had robed in white, and perched on stumps and stone walls, to get a good start, waiting for Gabriel to blow his horn, a loud blast from a hunter's horn was heard from Mt. Owen, and a large cart wheel enveloped in burning tar and flax, came rolling down into their midst. "It is the Devil," they shouted, and ran to cover. Uncle Willard put up that job.

Uncle Cyrus was a christian gentleman and a shrewd business manager. His services were required at home, and he was deprived of a college education. He was a second father to his younger brothers and sisters, and saw that they were educated and well provided for. When Deacon Alden made a promise, the promisee knew it would be kept. Uprightness was one of his characteristics. My beloved Uncle John, the father of my cousin here, one of the promoters of this organization, Augustus Ephraim Alden, was a fine specimen of a man physically, socially and religiously. At the age of five, he baptized his younger sister in the little farm brook and nearly drowned her. He was a great story teller; he was quite poetical; he was fond of the rod and gun and knew how to use them; he was liberally educated and an effective preacher; he loved revival work. No one could feel blue long in his company. He was a thoughtful man and an eloquent speaker. He enforced his logic with apt illustrations and earnest appeals. His business tact was remarkable. Love for his Master, his family, and Alden Kindred, with a peculiar tact for entertaining and persuading were some of his characteristics.

Uncle David, the fourteenth and youngest child, had a fine grained soul. liberally educated, for years a teacher, then a farmer. He was keen in wit, a good conversationalist, and a lover of humanity. His stories were original, and like Frank Stockton's "Lady or the Tiger," left us highly wrought up, wondering what ought to come next.

My aunts were noble women and became loving wives and mothers. They raked hay and picked apples. They spun and wove. They did housework and looked after the children. "In their brown eyes lurked limitless possibilities, both of merriment and gravity. About their mouths were suggestions of tenderness and unusual firmness." They had no daily papers, no magazines, no mandolins, or pianos, and no novels, if grandfather got hold of

them first. But they had lots of fun, and grew up sound in body and in mind. They had their larks and jokes; otherwise they would not have been Aldens.

The sternness of my Grandfather became a cheerful dignity in my aunts. I believe in brevity. Please pardon me for not practicing it. The station agent's report to the superintendent about a railway accident,—"Off again, on again, gone again, Finnegan," always pleases me.

You remember that Artemus Ward in his two hours' address on milk, never mentioned his subject until the close, when he remarked that the best thing he knew on milk was cream. I have endeavored to keep my subject, the cream, on top where it belongs. How fortunate for us that our ancestors, male and female, married into the best families in the country, but their characteristics, integrity, firmness, self-respect, faith, humor and perseverance, though often modified by location and environment, are more or less deeply infused through the Alden Kindred. (Early rising, obstinacy and conceit were Alden traits, but are not much in evidence now.) I did not run across this little verse until I had written my piece, otherwise your sufferings at my hands would have been much less.

"A thoughtful man will never set,
His tongue agoing and forget,
To stop it, when his brain has quit,
A thinking things to offer it."

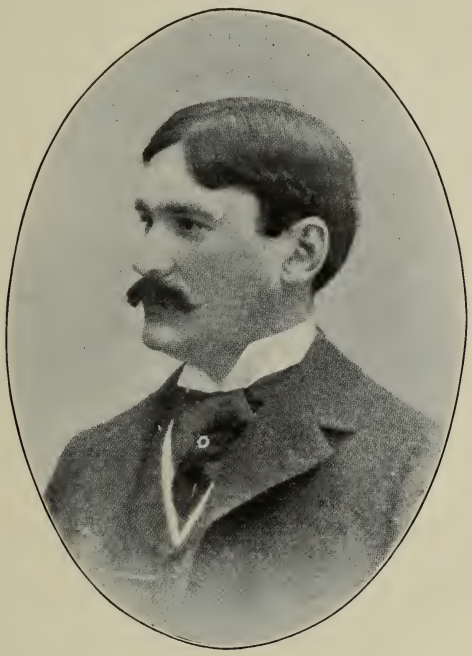
"Life is fleeting, say it quick
Drop your frills and retorick,
Bile your sap down till you git
Sugar e'en we'll taste of it."

God bless the Alden Kindred and may their number never be less.

As the orator for the day, President Alden introduced the Hon. George D. Alden, of Brooklyn, N. Y., a young man of prepossessing personality, who held the attention of the descendants and brought them to applause and laughter. In part, he said:

"When I received some weeks ago the program for this day's exercises, I felt that considering its great length, and the wonderful array of talent which it presented, that perhaps some one might feel like making the suggestion to me regarding an appropriate subject for my talk, which was once made to an orator upon a similar occasion, when he commenced his address by saying. 'My friends, I am at a loss to know what to speak about,'—he got no further, for a voice from the audience, said,—'then speak about three minutes.' But having been given the right of way, I propose to hold it, and for a longer time than that indicated in the anecdote, for I am fully persuaded that I shall never be given another such chance,

"The ancestor whom we are honoring here today, landed on Plymouth Rock in 1620; I landed in Plymouth county in 1866, and in spite of the prominence which he attained, due to a fortunate love affair, and the place which he holds, and ever will hold, immortalized by poet's song, I am free to confess that I have no desire to change places with him. The Pilgrims were all right in their way, but I must admit with Mark Twain, that I had much rather have them for ancestors than for neighbors. They were only an incident in human life, the same as we are, and I doubt not that two hundred and fifty years from now, when our ancestors have gathered here to celebrate the 500th anniversary of this day, that our ways will seem as quaint and primitive to them as those of the old colony days do to us, and I sincerely hope they may,



HON. GEO. D. ALDEN

Who delivered oration at Second Re-Union at Duxbury.

for then 'twill prove, indeed, that the present time, from any point of view is the best time, and that in God's kind providence each age but sets another milestone on the way of progress. I take it that there is no thinking man today but who sees upon the dim horizon, dark portentious clouds, none but the fool is striving to still his senses with the lullaby of 'peace, peace,' for 'there is no peace.'

There is today a spirit of vague unrest surging through the land, and a serious question is forcing itself upon public attention in such a way that it

demands serious consideration; it is a question of such transcendent import that its answer may determine the stability and permanency of our republican form of government or else prove that the foundation of our nation set in the masonry of blood and tears is to crumble away; it is the question between the classes and the masses, or, in other words, the distinction which is attempted to be drawn between capital and labor. The cry is going up that the rich are growing richer and the poor are growing poorer, and all these things tend to unsettle the minds of the unthinking, and develop that latent jealousy with which the unsuccessful ever regards his successful neighbor, aud especially do these revolutionary sentiments find a welcome abode in the minds of our newly acquired citizens, who are unable to distinguish the difference between license and liberty, and who have not grasped the meaning of a constitutional freedom; and so I contend, my friends, that it is for us, who are American born, for us, whose fathers and whose fathers' fathers, have breathed the pure free air of liberty for generations, whose ancestors made such a nation as this a possbility I say, it is for us to give prayerful and careful attention to those grave questions, and strive in every way to avert the storm whose distant mutterings can even now be heard.

On the loom of eternal ages,
Where the threads of life are run,
Where the warp and woof is God's own truth,
And the web of His plan is spun,
Where some of the threads are laughter,
Where some of the strands are tears,
We note the plan of the advance of man
Through all the countless years.
And what to our finite vision
May seem but the play of chance
The fullness of time will show the design
Of each little circumstance.

"That at the present time there are inequalities and many causes of a just complaint, none but the fool would attempt to deny, but they are not inequalities and wrongs which are peculiarly an attribute of our age alone, they have been manifest in every age since man emerged from a state of barbarism. Now, there is not a drop of A. P. A.ism flowing through my veins—I believe in giving 'equal rights to all,' but I will say this, that any reforms which may be needed in the interest of good government, or for a further spread of industrial or political liberty, that these reforms can safely be entrusted to those who can read the declaration of independence without the aid of an interpreter, and that the goal of human happiness can be reached in the fullnes of time without recourse to assassination, anarchy or socialism.

I say that he who would preach anarchy and government upheaval is an enemy to this country, guilty of treason, and as such should pay the full penalty of the law. Let us teach the people to whom these sentiments seem so attractive that we are not living in the days of the French revolution. Let us sk them against whom would their passion-outburst wreck itself—the gov-

ernment? They are the government. The privileged class? There is no privileged class, no barrier separating the rich from the poor; the magnate of today was of the masses yesterday, reaping what he sowed, garnering what he watched and watered. No! anarchy and bloodshed, the resort of the lawless, can never cure our ills.

"Again—there has lately appeared in the political field a new physician with a new remedy, a sort of political Dr. Munyon, holding up its finger, looking wise, and saying 'Hope.' An 'ism' offering a patent nostrum warranted as a sure panacea for all our ills, and serving shallow sophistries to the suffering; and this 'get well quick' is socialism. Now I will admit that the ills are real, but the remedy prescribed is unreal. A forced equality is abhorrent to human nature. It would rob the human heart of hope, clip the wings of aspiration, and life, now so full of endeavor, so full of promise, so full of reward, life, the composite of every joy and sentiment, tinged with hope and pulsating with uncertainty by the narrow socialistic creed, would become like a 'painted ship upon a painted ocean.'

"With apologies to Dr. Holmes for the impudence and temerity, for daring to change or add to his immortal lines, let me say,

When legislators keep the law,
  When banks dispense with bolts and locks,
When berries—huckle, rasp, or straw—
  Grow bigger downward through the box,
When he that selleth house or land
  Shows leak in roof or flaw in right,
When Truth will take the witness stand
  And there depose that black is white,
When preachers tell us what they think,
  And party leaders what they mean,
Then we shall stand upon the brink
  Of socialism's golden stream.
When human nature changes quite,
  When beasts can talk and trees can sing,
When night is day and day is night,
  We'll then crown socialism king.
Till then, let critics blaze away,
  And send their speakers 'round the globe:
But when you see that blessed day,
  Then, order your ascension robe.

"One tribute, however, I think is socialism's due, and that is that its ideals are pure, but they can never be realized; its promises are great, but they can never be fulfilled.

"Perhaps another reason for discontent and unrest may be found in the fact that some poor, unhappy mortals, who have fallen wounded upon the battlefield of life, are sending up the cry that the day for individual advancement is fast passing away, and that the star of hope, which has ever been

ambition's guide, is slowly sinking below the horizon and the sad part of this dismal wail of despair is that to many ears it seems to be a very blast from the golden trumpet of truth. Let it be our duty to deny the charge, let us impress upon the minds of the rising generation that such a plea is but a new fangled excuse for laziness.

"Hark, methinks I can catch the chorus of their lachrymose tribute to despair, wafted through mists which settle o'er the sleepy swamps of slothfulness.

What chance is left in life for us,
Opportunities are past;
Old Adam took the first there was,
And Morgan took the last.

"Isn't that soul inspiring? Wouldn't that martial air lead any army to defeat? Poor fools, poor fools, let them chant that sad refrain o'er and o'er again, but don't let them 'lay the flattering unction to their souls' that the sentiment of 'no chance left' is new with them, it is hoary with antiquity. Men sang that song before Andrew Carnegie emigrated to this country; sang it while John D. Rockefeller was working as a common farm hand in the west; sang it while Charles M. Schwab was earning five dollars and a half a week in the rolling mills in Pittsburg, and I doubt not that they will continue to sing it until this grand old earth has run its appointed course, and all men stand before the judgment seat of God.

"There are certain elements in nature which will not mix in safety, and when brought together leave havoc in their wake, but when you attempt to fathom the resultant force of the combined intolerance of capital and labor, you find an agency of such destructive power that the very thunderbolts of Jove himself seem weak, indeed, for it is a force which will sap the very life blood of the country, causing loss to capital and bringing misery and starvation to the door of the toiler; a force which will strike trade and commerce prostrate at our feet, bid progress stay its mighty march, dispell the hopes of the centuries, and place the very crown of degradation on the nation's brow. Go ask the capitalist today why the conditions are as they are, and he will tell you because labor is unappreciative, narrow-minded and altogether cussed. Ask the laborer whence this spirit of unrest that is stalking through the land, and he in his turn will tell you it is because there is a set of men booted and spurred, riding their fellow men, that there is a predatory class, which 'toils not neither does it spin,' which is living in almost barbaric luxury upon the products of his unrequited toil, and that there is being builded up in this country, colossal private fortunes, which stand as a menace to the safety of our republican form of government. Now neither is wholly right, and sad to say, neither wholly wrong, but were it not for this awful intolerance of ignorance of both parties to this great struggle, the problem would be much further along upon the highway towards solution.

"I find it vastly easier to diagnose than to prescribe the proper treatment, but of this I am fully persuaded, that it must be a temperate remedy and one

where the component parts must be tolerance, education, an abiding faith in country, and a trust in God.

"Another of the surest remedies, I know, is for every man and every woman to take an active interest in the politics of the day, becoming in very truth moulders of public opinion. Every woman, you ask? Yes, every woman, why not? Are they not an important part of this great government of ours? I tell you, my friends, the sun has set upon the day when woman can be regarded merely as washing and sewing machines, and all the freedom which she may acquire in the future can never atone for the indignities which she has suffered in the past.

"We hear much said about the Pilgrim fathers; but how little do we hear about the Pilgrim mothers! Did they not put up with the same dangers and the same privations? Did they not put up with the same anxieties and the same sufferings, and last, but by no means least, were they not obliged to put up with the Pilgrim fathers?

"Then speed the day for the further advancement of woman, for, mark my words, that in just proportion to that advance so will we progress along the lines of settling the questions to which I have invited your attention in this address. I say, let the noble work of the woman's club go on, let woman add to the natural refinement which God has bestowed upon her, the further refining influence of all that is beautiful, ennobling and uplifting in art, in music and in literature."

Mrs. Cynthia Westover Alden, of New York, the originator of the Sunshine movement, is a woman of large heart and brain, with wonderful ability to plan and execute, a world-wide experience, and a sympathetic nature that embraces all sorts and conditions in her philanthropy, and known the world over as the President of the International Sunshine Society, was introduced by the President as the "Sunshine Lady."

Mrs Alden lives up to her name, and in her cheery fashion spoke interestingly and told of the "Alden sunshine." She "owned up" that she "was raised" the other side of the Rocky mountains. When she first came to New England she wanted to join a New England club. The members wouldn't admit her, and one of them said she didn't know plum pudding when she saw it; and that she called pumpkin pie, "custard." The members finally told her to go away and marry John Alden and then she could get into any New England society. Miss Cynthia replied: "Why I wouldn't mind that. Who is John Alden?" Then the New England society members were thoroughly disgusted and advised her to read the history of New England. That was the last meeting for the season. At the first meeting of the next season, she again presented herself for membership in the club. Again they asked her: "Have you any reason why you should join?" She replied in the affirmative. They asked her to give her reason. She said it was out in the ante-room, and was told to "bring it in." She went out and returned to introduce a man, "This is John Alden, and I've married him." Mrs. Cynthia Westover Alden,

whose other name is Mrs. John Alden, is well known as a member of the editorial staff of the Ladies' Home Journal, in which her sunshine talks appear monthly.

MRS. CYNTHIA WESTOVER ALDEN.

She told several sunshine anecdotes, and although the rain began just before her address, she thought there might be plenty of Alden sunshine if all the members of the family followed the directions of the little boy who said he always kept cheerful by "just keeping the corners of his mouth turned up."

MARIAN LONGFELLOW'S ADDRESS.

Mr. President—Kinsfolks and Friends:

In a gathering such as this, a coming-home to the spot so filled with associations of our common ancestor, it would seem well to pause for a moment and allow our minds to rest upon the lesson taught us, the example set us, and the goal to which all true patriotism and true man and womanhood is pressing forward. I need not retail to you the many dry statistics of the coming of the Pilgrims (if aught that pertains to our share in the settlement of this great country can be dry), but, although we are familiar with the history of that time, it were well to turn back the pages of that history and take therefrom a few facts.

It is my purpose to speak to you of the "Influence of the Pilgrim on Colonial History." A broad subject? Yes; and one which can be but touched upon in the time afforded today.

Out of the 103 souls which actually arrived in New England, there were twenty-four heads of families, eighteen wives, thirteen sons or other male relations, seven daughters or other female relatives, fourteen male servants, one female servant, and fifteen single men. A small number for so grand a result! Yet in that first year, death removed: heads of families, thirteen; wives, fourteen; sons, three; male servants, nine; single men, nine; so that there survived November 19th, 1621, but eleven heads of families, four wives, ten sons, seven daughters, five men servants, one female servant, and six single men. From how small the seed how great the harvest! When we realize that this large gathering today is sprung from one ancestor, we realize, in a faint way, what must be the concourse of men and women who have sprung from those other ten heads of families.

But in dealing with the Pilgrim it is well to state wherein he differed from the Puritan. It is by no means uncommon to find that there is a very hazy understanding of the difference between Pilgrim and Puritan, and, until lately, the terms have been used interchangeably. In fact, still are.

Let us then endeavor to give to each the position due him. One author says—"The Pilgrims comprised all members of the Separatists' Church of Leyden who voted for the migration to America, whether they were able to go then or not; together with such others as joined their church from England. Membership, intended or actual, in the Pilgrim church, was the first qualification; emigration to New England was the second. This membership included Rev. John Robinson and family who were unable to leave Leyden. Also thirty-five members of the Leyden Church, Leyden, Holland, arriving in Plymouth in New England in the "Fortune" in November, 1621; and sixty who arrived in the "Anne" and the "Little James" in August, 1623; the thirty-five with their families who arrived in the "Mayflower" in August, 1629, and the sixty who arrived in the "Handmaid" in May, 1630. It excluded all members of the Pilgrim Church who had no wish to go to America; all hired men who went out in the "Mayflower" and did not become members of the Church in the Old Colony. So all the "Mayflower" passengers were not Pilgrims."

Another author, Dr. Alexander Young, states, "Those who came in the first three ships, the "Mayflower" (11-21, December, 1620), the "Fortune" (9-19, November, 1621), the "Anne" and the "Little James" (August, 1623), are distinctly called the Old Comers or Forefathers, although between 1620 and 1640, upwards of 22,000 Puritans sailed from English and Dutch ports."

William Elliott Griffis says, "The Pilgrims separated from Church and State. They believed in the right and power of christian people to govern themselves, and they believed this when it was dangerous, even in England, to broach such an idea. They were hunted out of their home land into the Dutch Republic."

Speaking of the Pilgrim Fathers, one historian says. "Many of them were men of education and rank; eminently free from the low and degrading vices of the statesmen of that age; bowed the knee to none but God."

And this self-same spirit, we see as a marked characteristic of the New England type, and his posterity. The courage of his convictions; the strength to assert and maintain what he believes right in the face of every obstacle! It is this unflinching spirit, this placing of right before every other consideration; this self-abnegation in the past that has placed us where we are today. Let us not prove false to so great an heritage.

But in tracing the origin of the Pilgrim and Puritan, we find that the Anglican Church (according to authorities) first split into two schools of Thinkers among the English exiles at Frankfort on the Main, in 1555; on Queen Mary's death, the exiles hastened home. Soon afterwards the distinctions of Protestants and of Puritans. Later, Protestants, Puritans and Baptists. Later still, Conformists and Reformists.

The Pilgrims unreservedly cut loose from the Church of England, feeling that the Church was not sufficiently distinct from the Church of Rome to conform to their more rigid views. Ultimately, they became what is known as the Congregationalists, a power widely felt in New England, and wherever New Englanders settled. The Puritans did not, for some time, separate from the Church of England, but sought to mould her to their views; finally, in separating, became Presbyterians.

Thus we see that one difference between the Pilgrims and the Puritans was that the former followed the Scriptural advice, "If thine eye offend thee, pluck it out," while the Puritan hoped to remain one with the Established Church, but to prune from that tree such branches as were not acceptable to their faith, which had earned for them the title, first given in derision, 'Puritan,' one seeking for a purer form of worship.

Of the Pilgrim it has well been said that the "Log of the Mayflower" so-called, and which was taken from the Old South Church in Boston, during the Revolution, but restored to us in 1897 by England, was the Book of Genesis in the history of Massachusetts.

If I have dwelt at too much length upon the difference in the terms Pilgrim and Puritan, it has been from overmuch zeal, perhaps, but also because I was asked to speak upon this distinction and because I have to confess that I was unable at one time, to state just what the difference was, although I well knew a difference existed.

And while we speak of the Influence of the Pilgrim on Colonial History, we are led to the thought of the man and woman whom we are met together to honor this day—John Alden and Priscilla Molines, his wife.

John Alden was a modest, sober, honest, God-fearing man. "He was hired at Southampton as a cooper?" Yes, so history states, nor do I believe that he was ever ashamed of the fact, and if he was not, certainly none of his descendants need be. It is a bad outlook when Americans place rank and title above true worth. It did not require the poet's tribute in "The Courtship

of Myles Standish," to bring John Alden into prominence, for he was one of the most noteworthy figures in the early history of the Pilgrim Fathers. Nor was his a meteor's course, a brilliant flight through the sky and a sudden disappearance. He was but twenty-one years of age when he landed at Plymouth Rock ; he was eighty-seven when he laid down the burdens and responsibilities of life. Sixty-six years of devotion to what he deemed right and to the needs of his country!

One historian says of John Alden :—"He was a stern adherent of justice and morality, unswerving from the straight line of duty as he understood it; yet at the same time modest and unassuming in all his ways, showing tenderness and mercy to the weak and forgiveness to the penitent, and these qualities combined to make him an example for all future generations."

So much for his virtues! That he was an educated man is proven by the fact that to him were brought matters the unlearned could not decipher; to him were referred knotty questions. Myles Standish turned to him for aid in clerkly affairs as well as in diplomacy in love. Surely no man who was obscure and of little importance would have been selected for the position he filled. He took part in all questions concerning the welfare of the colony from an early day, and when but thirty-four was made deputy-governor, which office he held successively under Governors Edward Winslow, Bradford, Prince, Josiah Winslow and Thomas Hinckley. The ten years succeeding 1640, he was deputy to the Colonial Council at Duxbury, and was, until his death, connected with affairs of the state. He signed many documents of state, and was a man of prominence. Another historian says, "Holding offices of the highest trust, no important measure was proposed or any responsible agency ordered in which he had not a part. He was one of the Council of War; many times an arbitrator, and on several occasions was authorized to act as agent for the colony."

Again the historian says: "He was possessed of sound judgment, was decided, ardent, resolute, persevering, indifferent to dangers, and of incorruptible integrity. He was a man whose unselfish interest for the general good resulted in pecuniary loss to himself, and at the time of his death he left but a small estate."

It seems to me that this, together with what has been already quoted that he was a man "showing tenderness and mercy to the weak, and forgiveness to the penitent," shows him to have been of the stuff of which heroes are made. In those days, it was the man's worth, not the coat he wore, nor the name he bore, that placed him in authority. The early Pilgrims were men of keen insight and quick judgment, and they chose carefully the men in whose hands they placed the affairs of the colony.

John Alden did not go about with clash of arms and blare of trumpets; that was not his vocation; he was a man of peace, though he could fight if necessary, as can most men of peaceful instincts; his was the way of good will to his fellow-men, of duty to his God. His work is done; but his example lives after him, a joy to his descendants, and a pride and a lesson to all to whom a true life, given for the betterment of the world, should appeal.

As to whether John Alden had "blue blood" in his veins or not, I cannot say, nor do I believe it is of special importance. He had good, pure, honest, trustworthy blood in them, and that is what the time and the occasion called for. "Worth makes the man; the want of it the fellow," was as true in those days as it is in our own time.

And now let me speak to you of that poet, in whose veins ran the blood of John Alden and Priscilla Molines. Those of you who may have met him well know the beauty of his character—there is no need to speak of him to you: but to those who did not know him, and to the younger generation of Alden Kindred, I would say that the poet Longfellow bore a distinct claim to descent from John Alden and to him, also, applied the words of the historian, speaking of John Alden, that he was "unswerving from the line of duty, modest and unassuming in all his ways, showing tenderness and mercy to the weak and forgiveness to the penitent, and these qualities combined to make him an example for all future generations."

The blood of his ancestors must have stirred within him, when he was moved to write that charming and quaint picture of the times of the Plymouth Colony which he called "The Courtship of Miles Standish."

It may be a matter of interest to some of you to know just where Henry Wadsworth Longfellow came into the Alden line. It was through his mother, who was descended from Elizabeth Alden, daughter of John and Priscilla. Bright, joyous "Betty Alden," as she was called, lovingly. Much of the sunshine of her nature was to be found in the life of the poet, Longfellow.

In closing this already too long talk with you, I would simply voice my gratitude that I am of the stock of John Alden; that in my veins, however unworthy, there flows the blood of those heroes and martyrs, in the truest sense of the word, who, leaving home and oft times kindred, set sail for an unknown land, for liberty, for right and for the good of posterity.

We have, indeed, cause to rise up and call them blessed in this hour of congratulation and of joy, that they belong to us, that nothing can take from us the sense that we are inalienably linked with them, we must remember the duties imposed upon us by that very tie. The old French proverb "Noblesse oblige" is the one we should cherish, and if I were to give to the "Alden Kindred" a motto, it should be that, not as an empty name, but as a vital principle.

And to you, kinsfolk and friends, the old Roman greeting—Hail and farewell!

MARIAN LONGFELLOW, (Ninth generation in descent from John Alden and Priscilla Molines.)

MARIAN LONGFELLOW O'DONAGHUE.

CLARA ALDEN KENYON

PRES. GEO. W. ALDEN'S REMARKS.

There is one number to be given this afternoon that is not down on the programme. Of course you will be interested to know what this "extra" is, will wonder if it is going to be as enjoyable as "extras" usually are, etc. Now you will guess what this number is to be when I tell you that we need money and a good lot of it. It costs quite a sum of money to pay the expenses of a gathering like ours today, and we need money for this purpose. We need money for a reserve fund so that if stormy weather should prevail at the time of any year's reunion, thus making our attendance light and our income small, we might still have funds with which to pay the necessary expenses. Again, we need money that the carefully prepared papers, orations, reports, etc., that we listen to with so much of interest at each succeeding reunion may be printed in pamphlet form and thus be preserved. Last, but not least, we need money with which to secure suitable grounds and to erect thereon some suitable monument or memorial to him whose name we seek to honor. Last year as the members of our association were on their way to the train after the close of our reunion exercises, one gentleman said to a member of our committee on general arrangements, "Why in the world didn't you fellows take up a collection; I had my hand in my pocket a dozen times wanting and expecting an opportunity to give something to help this movement along." Now that was encouraging; it was someone speaking for our association. But today the association proposes to speak for itself. Our committee have been informed today that this place, what there is left of the old homestead, is soon to be placed on the market and that our organization will be given the first chance to buy, and at a fair price. Isn't this just what we've been looking for? Isn't this an opportunity that we ought to improve? The old home to be sold! Who is going to buy it? Who ought to own it above all others? Ask yourself, ask anybody and they will tell you the Alden Kindred of America.

Why not a monument on yonder hill by the house? We honor those who conceived and carried out the idea of erecting the monument to Myles Standish we can see from this place. While there are some who seem to begrudge the honor that has been bestowed upon Standish by the erection of a monument to him, I am one who rejoices that the monument has been built and I wish it were even higher than it is; when the descendants of Standish sing his praises I would like to have every descendant of John and Priscilla join in the chorus. But while Standish was no doubt a great man in the colony there was "another," who in the judgment of Priscilla Molines and whose judgment in this matter cannot be questioned, was even greater than Standish—and that was John Alden, your ancestor and mine.

Let us not try to tear down or belittle any monument that testifies to true courage and great worth, but with proper modesty let us erect a monument to emphasize and commemorate the sterling worth and great usefulness of John Alden, and shall we not good-naturedly build it just a little higher than the monument over yonder as an evidence that we accept as final the decision to which the judgment of Priscilla leads us as to the comparative merits of two of the noblest men that ever stepped on these, or any other shores?

THE ALDEN KINDRED OF AMERICA.

TREASURER'S REPORT TO FEB. 22, 1904.

RECEIPTS.

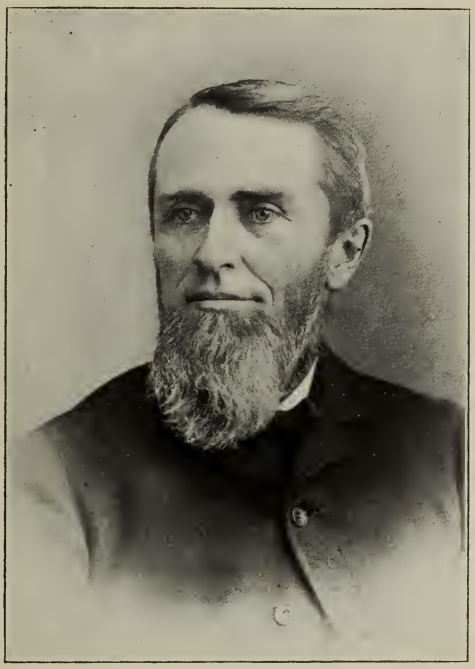
1902.		
Sept. 18.	Received from former treasurer,	$41.72
1903.		
Aug. 4.	Collection at Reunion,	68.53
" 4.	Mrs. A. H. Sweet, dinner tickets,	146.00
	Additional dinner tickets,	23.50
" 5.	Life membership, G. W. Alden.	25.00
" 5.	Mrs. A. H. Sweet, membership and dues,	150.00
	Contribution, Col. E. B. Beaumont,	10.00
	Life membership, John F. Alden,	25.00
" 19.	Mrs. A. H. Sweet, membership and dues.	75.00
" 20.	Life membership, Abner A. Alden,	25.00
Sept. 4.	C. L. Alden, donation to balance bank account,	.03
" 18.	Life membership, George A. Alden,	25.00
Oct. 3.	Mrs. A. H. Sweet, 31 yearly dues,	15.50
	" " " 22 membership fees,	5.50
	" " " G. A. Alden, contribution,	3.50
	" " " Dr. Henry Shaw, contribution,	.50
	C. L. Alden, life membership,	25.00
July 15,	Interest on bank account,	.41
		$665.19

EXPENDITURES.

1903.			
Aug. 4.	Help at reunion,	$2.00	
	Telegram,	.25	
	John Carver Alden,	10.00	
" 5.	Printing, badges, etc.,	24.60	
" 19.	Postage, printing, etc.,	55.63	
" 4.	Five R. R. tickets for Quartette,	5.00	
July 31.	Postage, printing, etc., Rallying Committee,	28.00	
Aug. 17.	George D. Alden, orator, expenses,	14.35	
	William Gooch, teaming piano,	2.50	
	R. W. Bradley, cleaning up grounds,	2.00	
" 19.	Postage, printing, etc., Rallying Committee,	23.15	
" 3.	J. W. Alden, freight on tents,	3.61	
Sept. 4.	Standard Printing Co., printing,	77.75	
	Albion Quartette, vocal music,	40.00	
	W. Phillips, carpenter,	47.47	
	Fruit and exp. on chairs,	21.95	
	J. L. McNaught, expressing chairs and settees,	18.00	
	Elisha Peterson, use of chairs,	3.00	
	George Scott, caterer, after deducting for fruit furnished,	168.80	
1904.			
Jan. 7.	Standard Printing Co., printing,	1.50	
	George T. Hoyt, tent hire,	75.00	
		$624.56	
Feb. 22.	Balance on hand,	40.63	
			$665.19

Respectfully submitted,

CHARLES L. ALDEN, Treasurer.



AUGUSTUS E. ALDEN,

Who called the first meeting to order, prepared the constitution and by-laws, suggested the name adopted by the organization and serves as chairman of the Rally Committee ; also published " Pilgrim Alden."

REPORT OF RALLYING COMMITTEE.

The Chairman of the Rallying Committee takes pleasure in informing the Alden Kindred of the phenomenal success attending the methods adopted to reach descendants in far away and near by localities. Committees have been appointed in 48 states and territories.

The object of these committees are to promote a spirit of good fellowship among the Descendants of John and Priscilla Alden, to interest them in the work of this society, to induce them to attend our Annual Reunions, and to secure their membership in the Association of "THE ALDEN KINDRED OF AMERICA."

The duties of this Committee are to look up all such Descendants, as far as possible, and forward to the Chairman names and addresses of the same, in order that they may receive notices of meetings and other items of interest to the Family of Alden.

More than 5000 letters and circulars have been mailed. By thus keeping in touch with our clan, disseminating new matter, which is brought to light by historical research, our membership has increased to over 600, in a growth of only two and one-half years.

We have received reports from 43 states, District of Columbia, England, Germany, China, Hawaiian Islands. Ontario, Canada, Nova Scotia, British Columbia, and the Asiatic Squadron, besides hundreds of enthusiastic letters from our co-workers, who have materially advanced the interests of our organization through their influence.

Let us this coming year rally in large numbers around "Old Plymouth Rock" and do honor to the ancestors of whose active and useful lives we may all be justly proud.

With good fellowship and sincerity,

AUGUSTUS E. ALDEN, Chairman Rallying Com.

812 Colonial Building, 100 Boylston St., Boston, Mass.

NAMES OF A FEW OF THE VERY ACTIVE MEMBERS OF THE RALLYING COMMITTEE:

Mr. Chas. H. Alden, Waterville, Me., Mrs. A. F. Richards Rutland, Vt., Mr. Ezra Alden, Lime, N. H., Mrs. Clara Alden Kenyon, Providence, R. I., H. M. Puffer, Esq., Shelburne Falls, Mass., Miss Edith May Tilley, Newport, R. I., Mr. Ralph P. Alden, Springfield, Mass., Mr. Hannibal Alden, Stafford Springs, Conn., Mr. Darius Alden, Cambridge, Mass., J. Everett Alden, Torrington, Conn., Mrs. A. H. Berlin, Wilmington, Delaware, Edward B. Alden, New York City, Mrs. Harriett Fielding, Orange, N. J., John Alden, Rochester, Col. E. B. Beaumont, Wilkesbarre, Penn., Samuel Puffer, Rochester, George

Alden, Philadelphia, Penn., Miss Elizabeth Lyon, Fredonia, Loyal R. Alden, Baltimore, Md., John Alden, Brooklyn, N. Y., Edward M. Tilley, Berkley, Va., Marian Longfellow, Washington, D. C., Sidney Alden, Savannah, Ga., John Carver Alden, Raleigh, N. C., T. Alden Hornsey, Lexington, Ky., George Alden, Columbia, S. C., Mrs. Galen Johnson, Tennessee, W. L. Woodruff, Mobile, Ala., F. E. Root, Kansas City, Franklin H. Alden, Cincinnati, Ohio, Rev. Byron Alden, Streeter, Ill., Miss Ada Fenton, Janesville, Wis., Frank H. Alden, Chicago, Lyman P. Alden, Terre Haute, Ind., Mrs. L. A. Lester, Council Bluffs, Ia., Charles M. Alden, Grand Rapids, Mich., Charles Alden, Spokane, Wash., Charles H. Ayers, Detroit, Mich., Rev. Benjamin D. Alden, Omaha, Neb., Hiram Alden, Portland, Oregon, Charles L. Alden, Lincoln, Neb., Frank W. Bass, St. Paul, Minn., Bertram F. Alden, San Francisco, Cal., Mr. L. Bass, Buffalo, Wyoming., Byron W. Alden, Almeda, Cal., Rev. Horatio Ladet, Jamaica, Long Island.

Tribute to Memory of First Member

Gilbert Alden Tolman.

This honored member of our Association was born in Randolph, Mass., September 30th, 1830; and died at Lake Sunapee, N. H., where he was spending the summer, August 29th, 1902.

Mr. Tolman was deeply interested in everything pertaining to the "Alden Kindred of America." He was present at the meeting called for organizing, and was the first person enrolled as a member, also the first member to die. He had made all his plans to be present at the annual reunion at Duxbury, which was held on the day before his death. Among his last letters were some referring to the exercises of the reunion in which he was not able to participate.

He was a man of sterling integrity, sound judgment, affable manners, and held in highest esteem by a large circle of friends who esteemed it a privilege to share his acquaintance and his friendship.

In every respect he was an honor to that name which he so dearly loved, and which he was proud to bear,—the name of Alden!

B. P. L. Binders
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